

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



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Korean
Number

UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, and SCHOOLS

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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

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THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy and theology.

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Communications for Korea may be addressed to the V. Rev. P. J. Byrne, Tenshudo, Shingishu, Korea.

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IF YOU SAW IT IN THE FIELD AFAR, KINDLY SAY SO TO ADVERTISERS.



The Faithful at Shingishu, Korea.

Assembled in the "royal courtyard" before the "basilica," those in the front row—between Fr. Pak, a native priest, and Fr. Byrne—were baptized on Easter Sunday. The Shingishu congregation now numbers one hundred and fifty, and, on Sunday, when even those at a distance can come to Mass, it overflows the tiny chapel with its tinier porch, and kneels on the ground outside. There are at present writing no multimillionaires among these saints—not even a paltry plumber.

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1925

KOREA — A RECOLLECTION.

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

A Diplomat's Impression of Maryknoll's Newest Mission Country.

IN 1899, the Emperor of Korea invited me to join the Imperial Household as his confidential adviser on foreign affairs. It was an ancient custom, then, for the Emperor to receive his ministers of state at night. How the custom arose I do not know. Some of my Korean friends told me that in troubled olden times, palace revolution and sedition had always chosen the dark hours, whence it became usual to sleep from daylight until early afternoon, and to watch at night. Others assured me that the custom grew out of solicitude for good government, the older kings requiring their ministers to transact their public business in the day, and to report the day's work to them after sunset. However that may be, I was required to enter the palace just before the great gate closed at nightfall, after which nobody was admitted under any pretext, and to remain there until sunrise, before which time no one was allowed to leave the palace without special permission of the Emperor, transmitted to the guard by one of his higher eunuchs or a personal body-servant.

Within the palace, special quarters were set aside for my comfort, the fourth side of a square of buildings, two sides of which were occupied by the princesses, the third by the eunuchs. I was supposed to receive all reports and memorials submitted to the Emperor and to hear from his attendant eunuchs all conversation with others than his family, in order to be familiar with every possible source of complication with the outside world; and I had to remain awake in order to discuss at once with him any matter on which he required immediate information. With me I had a staff of Korean "confidential" sec-



FATHER MAUBANT.

The first foreign priest to enter Korea and the first Korean martyr.

retaries—all but two of them the greatest gossips in the world—each possessing the great asset of the Emperor's confidence and each having access to him from me at all hours. Be it noted that these young men were all excellent linguists (a general characteristic of the loquacious and social Korean), although some of the best of them had never been abroad and had learned by reading only. My English secretary, a young nobleman and a gentleman in the best sense of the word, was so perfectly at home in English and of such amiable and attractive manners that, when I had him appointed to the Korean special mission to Queen Victoria's jubilee, he was invited to the most conservative English homes, and became very popular on this first journey outside of his Hermit Kingdom.

The eunuchs, enormously curious concerning foreign ways and customs, crowded my room al-

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ways, particularly at the midnight meal hour. The Emperor was thoughtful and considerate, and frequently sent me, for my entertainment during the night watches, his private chronicler, teller of tales and historian of the royal clan, half jester and half historian. He had not only the utmost ramifications of royal genealogy, but the history of past dynasties and every folk tale, serious or comic. I once asked this personage to tell me, from the Korean point of view, the history of the Christian persecution by the Emperor's uncle, the former Prince Regent.

Some nights later, coming to my room in the palace, I found a venerable gentleman, benign as some old Chinese philosopher, with flowing, silky white beard, who bowed and gave me his name.

"Why," I said, "your name is well known to me. You are the terrible persecutor of the Christians, the instrument of martyrdom of our priests and bishops."

"Yes," he answered, "I am he. My friend the court historian asked me to tell you about it. So much has changed in our country; so many mistakes were made in our first intercourse with foreigners."

"Tell me first, did you kill them because of their religion? And were you personally responsible for their torture? You do not seem a cruel man, or harsh."

"Because of their religion? Yes and no. We were afraid of foreigners. We had suffered greatly from foreigners.*

"At that time Catholic Christianity was the only foreign religion here, and it was spreading.

* In 1592 the Koreans were all but exterminated by warring armies on their soil, of Japanese and Chinese.

SCHOOLS ARE A VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS.

It was the religion of outsiders; so we killed those who professed and would not renounce it. But we did not know anything about the religion of Christ, except that it was foreign, and our laws forbade any foreigners to come here or to remain in our country. I was Minister of Police at the time—a task very distasteful to me, for I am, as you say, a mild man, and I could not bear to see pain inflicted or any punishment undergone. At that time, torture was still part of our law. It has been abolished, as you know, though still practiced in some remote parts of the country.*

"The order had gone forth to expel or kill foreigners, and to kill all natives who adhered to them, as traitors under the law of the nation. I had nothing to do but to see that the law was executed, the order carried out. It came very hard to me. I could not stand the sight of pain and blood. And it was the second time I had been drawn into these things. I was born in Pengyang

* Though illegal through the efforts of foreign advisers and of the foreign diplomatic corps, torture was still generally practiced in some forms by most of the provincial governors and magistrates, and even, when it could be done without attracting attention, in the capital itself.



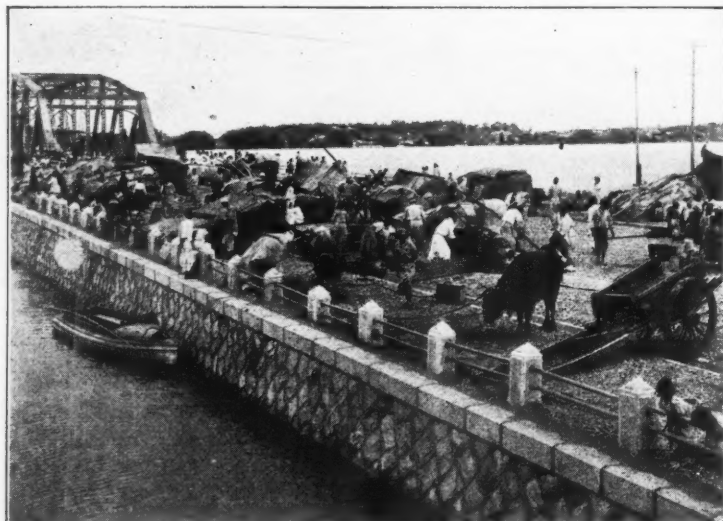
A MARYKNOLL SISTER.
Conquering an almost "unlearnable" language.

and witnessed there the killing of the foreigners who came to loot our royal tombs.*

"But I controlled myself, since it was my duty, and remained in the torture room. I even forced myself to take my meals there. One day I felt that I had at last conquered my treasonable weakness, for when a fragment of some poor prisoner's body flew off under the instruments of the

torturer and fell on my table, I was able to remove it myself and to continue my meal."

There, I think, is a curious anecdote, in no way detracting from the glory of our blessed martyrs in Korea, and very typical of the Korean mind. They are, in general, gentle, lovable people, and will be good Christians when their turn comes. I have not the slightest reason to doubt the truth of this story; and, if true, the deep pity of this gentle old man for the suffering of others, and the fortitude with which he conquered himself in the performance of what he thought to be his highest duty are the very foundation stones of Christian character. Fear is a usual motive of action in the East—fear and distrust of strangers and foreigners; but, in anti-foreign movements, I have never found malice widespread; never, the hatred of religion we find in our own countries. Christianity, when they know it, when it is presented to them in their own tongue in the light of their



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BANK OF CHOSEN, SEOUL, KOREA.

*"Who," Fr. Byrne asks, "will fill this bank for the Maryknoll Missions?"
This is no Mite Box.*

own intelligible customs, is a simple, obvious thing in which they do not find difficulty. To them it is not—as it always has been to the stubborn, materialistic western mind—"a hard saying." When the Oriental believes, he also practices.

It has always seemed to me that the missionary to the Far East, well-equipped, has a far pleasanter and more satisfactory task than the average parish priest at home, though I hope in saying this I shall not turn away eager souls from the missions!

Food is abundant and can be excellent, depending, as it does everywhere else, on the cook. Sanitary conditions are bad and require intelligent care of one's self, not incompatible, to my mind, with the true missionary spirit. Exposure to disease is constant, yet in eight years of epidemic smallpox, Asiatic cholera, and bubonic plague, with the fearful Manchurian pneumonic plague just across the border, I was only once ill, of typhoid, there the commonest disease of them all. On

the bank of the Yalu, near where Maryknoll is now established, I lay on the earthen floor of a native hut, with a wooden block as pillow for my splitting head, for six weeks, very ill, not knowing what had happened to me. Then one of my men went out and captured a wandering American, a medical missionary, who rode sixty miles out of his way on his errand of mercy and saved me. I have great gratitude and affection

for our American missionaries in Korea. They are a sterling lot of men and women.

In my time a Catholic American was in a peculiar position. In the eyes of the French Fathers, he was an anomaly—he ought by rights to be a heretic, since "Americans are heretics"—not really a person to be trusted. In the eyes of American Protestant missionaries, there was something rather disloyal about his belonging to the "French" Church. If he was an official of the United States Government, as I happened to be before I joined the Korean Government, then American interests might not be quite safe in his hands. One walked mostly in the polite disfavor of both, and was inordinately conscious thereof when it came to rendering justice in quarrels between Christian and Christian, which happened not infrequently.

The Korean has a well-defined understanding of the functions and characteristics of a priest, particularly of one living under monastic rule, as have all eastern peoples affected by Buddhism. He does not look on the "American" missionary, that is, the Protestant



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

A KOREAN M. D.

If you have changed your address, please send as soon as possible both addresses, OLD AND NEW, to

**THE FIELD AFAR, Dept. C.,
Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.**

IS CONTINGENT LARGELY, UNDER GOD, ON CATECHISTS.

missionary, as a priest; he may indeed be puzzled just now by the appearance in Korea of "American missionaries" who are priests, since he has been taught to believe that America is "Christian" (that is, Protestant) and Europe "Catholic." He looks on our Protestant missionary as a fine, virtuous, layman and family man, a combination he understands and admires, even when he does not practice it; and as one who brings liberally most useful gifts of western knowledge which he badly wants—medicine, improved agriculture, and elementary physics and mechanics.

The French missionaries have carefully kept their people Korean, wisely, since, in the beginning of their work, foreign knowledge was treasonable. Our Protestant missionaries have given freely to their followers of all the western knowledge they possess, and of American customs—even of American political ideals. That is what Koreans and other Orientals seek, today, as a balance and a safeguard in their struggle with western civilization. They are not, I think, primarily concerned with religion, and my experience leads me to the conviction that they do not turn to Protestantism for any religious purpose. It is utilitarian knowledge that they seek of Americans, and it is pleasing to them that they find it among agreeable, earnest, virtuous family men. They can respect all that, and do, no matter what their private morals may be.

It would be vastly interesting now to observe the effect upon the intelligent Korean, of association with priests who not only possess in full measure "American" practical learning, but who can demonstrate that this practical learning is an asset and not a danger only when it rests firmly upon the basis of Christ's teaching; that the two things are not dissociated and incompatible, but fundamentally and essentially belong together in order to make life livable as a practical matter.

Sparks from Korea.

By Rev. P. J. Byrne, A. F. M.



THE PENGYANG PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.
Architects note: "First comes the roof!"

DIARY prepared by Fr. Byrne, the Maryknoll Superior in Korea, has a flavor all its own and gives a taste for more. We present the latest installment, with the promise of something with a relish to follow.

Fr. Byrne, by the way, recently underwent an operation, on which occasion he secured an absolute divorce from his appendix. As there is no Catholic hospital in Korea, Fr. Byrne went to Shanghai for this experience.

Sunday.—One in the morning. I got up to put a pan under a leak. Judging by the rain outside, we'll all be safe at sea by daybreak. I said a prayer to Noah and went back to bed, and then got up and put another pan under another leak, and then went back and refused to get up again—because how many pans do you think we've got, anyhow?

At half past six, port was cleared, with Teddy in tow. Teddy Airedale always goes to church, no matter what the weather is, and thereby sets an example that many a backslider under the blankets again on Sunday morn, in America as well as in Korea, might well be shamed by—though Teddy goes only to see that I get there O. K., and,

incidentally, to catch a casual cat. No cats this morning, except the cats 'n dogs coming down.

The street was simply a Grand Canal, but, though to the true artistic eye it may have been even more inspiring than Venice, we found it easy to repel such distractions while looking out for mudholes. Of these we discovered several excellent specimens, really masterpieces of the plastic art. Korea has every reason to be proud of her mudholes—surely there she leads the world. But one sad mishap rippled the even tenor of our way. A truly noble native, all toggled out in snowy white, suddenly sat down in the chocolate flood. It was our own Teddy's fault, but the gallant was nor kith nor kin of ours as we hurriedly steamed by the submerged volcano.

Hove to in chapel alley—breakers ahead! Three blasts from the siren bring Bowlegs to the rescue.

*Our jiggy-man's back is a saddle vast;
No safer seat could be.*

The pastor mounts his prancing steed and gallops through the sea . . . up to the chapel door, where the vanguard of the faithful is already on hand and on land. We have with us this morning the élite of the parish—Triple-X, aged in the faith.

THE HOLY FATHER LOOKS TO AMERICA

We also sport classes N. G. and E. Z. Christians. The N. G. Christians come to church when things get dull about the house; when there are special celebrations; or when, on dress parade, they are out-lilying Solomon in all his glory. They render not the parish tithes, yet do they achieve prominent poses in all ye parish photographs, and they seldom fail of election to committees on social maneuvers or the pastor's feast-day celebration.

Class E. Z. Christians make steady going in fair weather; are sufficiently faithful to feel warranted in striking the pastor for a slight "loan" occasionally; lend volume to the prayers if not to the pew rent; and, with the needless demands of thoughtless children, wean all poetic beauty from the title "Father."

The Triple-X Christians will certainly have front-row seats in heaven. They are the old guard, the "regulars," the consolation of the missionary, and his stimulus to seek more of their like; always on hand, and with their children in hand, apparently cognizant of the true worth of their faith; sympathetic and helpful in their pastor's efforts to steady this little vanguard of Catholicity nearly lost in a pagan array. The Triple-X's are the missionary's safety valve when he feels like exploding either himself or a Gatling gun on the others. Owing to this second edition of *The Flood*, in huge volumes, unbound, few but the loyal Triple-X's showed up today.

After Mass, a conference was held on the erection of the church. This conference is a regular Sunday recreation. The people are coming to regard it as part of the faith. After a while they'll be adding it to the Apostles' Creed—the resurrection of the body, and maybe the building of our church, Amen. The catechist reported five yen more paid to the Building Fund from the last dues of the Married Ladies' Sodality.

*Little drops of water mighty oceans make;
Here the married ladies surely take the cake.*

If only we had enough of them, we should soon have our church . . . but, alas! our supply of married ladies is limited. Where can we find more?

It's all very distracting. We went home.

The rest of the day was passed in the quaint seclusion of our poetic little Japanese house, weaving filmy dreams of our basilica-to-be, the while that rhythmic drip-drip into the lustrous tin pans was varied ever and anon by the sibilant sighing of the gentle zephyrs as they tried to rattle the daylight out of the measly shack.

Monday.—Most of the week-day congregation at Mass. The flood hath subsided somewhat, though Teddy is quite disgusted with the tin pan arrangement at the house. It does give a sort of flotsam and jetsam flavor to home, sweet home. Splendid weather for colds; in fact, Fr. Duffy, our noble assistant, is almost refusing to take nourishment between meals. He says they have damp days in Ireland, too, but they don't overdo it.



CATHOLIC KOREAN WIDOWS.
Who sacrificed their dearest possession (their wedding rings) to obtain funds for building the addition to the Penglant school.

FOR STRONGER DEVELOPMENT IN MISSION FIELDS.

In the afternoon came the manager of a brick factory, to crave the favor of making the honorable bricks for our new church. He guarantees his output to be impervious to rain, frost, or hoary age; but, alas! they are not guaranteed against cost—so we bade him good-by and pushed him back into the Venetian canal.

It is good weather for language study. We looked for the phrase, "Fr. Duffy is slightly indisposed today"—but they don't say that in polite Korean. They would say, "Fr. Duffy is not eating so much today." As there's not one whit of truth to that, we are forced into memorizing profound excogitations anent the rain. They may come in handy in some sermon on the flood. It is curious to note that the Koreans of yestereve employ honorific terms when referring to Jupiter Pluv. They say not, "The rain is coming," but, "The right honorable rain approacheth"—all a tribute to their own bread-baskets, for 'tis the rain that makes the rice that fills the tummy; and what more could mortal man desire in this heavenly land of the Morning Calm? Following suit, what nobler, what more solicitous way of greeting one's friend than, "Did you eat well?"—though it may range through the social scale from, "I humbly inquire if you have dined to repletion," to "Say, bo, didja kill the grub?" With like variations on the subject of snooze, you have the Korean Book of Etiquette complete.

Tuesday.—A better congregation today. Old Sol is off the water wagon but leering brazenly down. After Mass we attended a sick-call outside the dyke. 'Twas a family of renegade Catholics that the nosey nose of our trusty catechist had rooted out—and just in time, for the old patriarch, the head of the clan, was close to gasping his last as we entered the lousy hut (we use our adjectives advisedly). Clad in garments that may once have been white, he was lying inert upon the torrid floor—a mud and paper affair that, thanks to the kitchen chimney flues beneath, could fry an egg. This is, as you know, the practical Korean way of warming one's honorable ribs in the zero hours of winter. In summer days, other arrangements are preferable, and, in better-class houses, pro-

vided. But the very poor eschew such fashionable frills, and ignore their almost-glowing ostermoor.

This poor old derelict—so he seemed—may have had a fever; it didn't occur to his family, it probably escaped himself, that the kitchen fire was not adding materially to his comfort. Still, the heat may have had a salutary supernatural effect—he seemed afraid enough of hell. We gave him the



KOREAN LADY IN FULL DRESS.

spiritual comforts that Mother Church provides for the comers at the eleventh hour, as well as for those at the first, and we gave to the wife and to the rest of the clan a lecture that may or may not bear fruit. They all (except the youngest children) are baptized Catholics, but they gave no sign of it. Yet there was one sign, a little framed Madonna hung above the dying man's head. Who knows but—ah, there's many a story to be finished in another world.

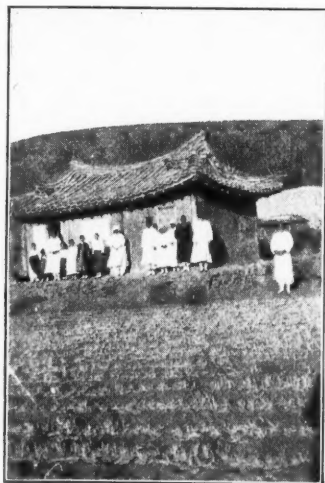
We returned home to find Fr. Duffy decidedly *hors de combat*. He has lost his appetite completely, besides exhibiting other and less alarming symptoms, such as a bad cold. We are

therefore able to get in a little Korean practice with inquiring Christians—who, on their part, showed true sympathy by their fervent wishes, "I hope he will eat a whale tomorrow," or words to like effect.

The afternoon was spent at a court of inquiry into the leaks in our Japanese tile-roof. But Japanese roofs, here at least, seem destined, foredoomed, and born to leak. In fact, quoth to me one witty Nipponese, "If the roof didn't leak, how would you know it was there?"—and d'you know, there's a lot of truth in it. We also bought and set aside a few commodious cans and pans. Thus do we lay by provisions agin' a rainy day.

In the evening, Fr. Duffy was no better. We began to look up useful phrases for the morrow, and discovered some touching expressions: "to be much worse"; "to be very low"; and "about to croak." We got in a little preliminary practice with these on Fr. Duffy himself. He didn't mind; in fact, he seemed to perk up a bit and take more interest in this Tuesdane sphere, and also in his devoted pastor.

Wednesday.—Masses as usual. Fr. Duffy is himself again. And so, after breakfast, we had to send the cook out to lay in a supply of edibles. Today is cloudy and lowering again; a good day for devils. On the way to church, we heard, for the third successive time, the monotonous tom-tom from the home of a very sick, probably dying pagan. The devil of disease is considered by some to be a very nervous individual, with an abhorrence of noises in general and with a particular aversion to tom-toms. Even if the poor patient has a chance of natural recovery, it will hardly be favored by seventy-two hours of continuous drumming in his ears. What an accompaniment to the eternal judgment of an immortal soul! All hours are precious, yet who can measure the worth of the last few moments of life? And to fritter them away on a skin stretched over a hoop! May Christ the Judge show mercy to these childish sons of paganism, and, as once He prayed for those who knew not what they did, so may His compas-



A CHAPEL AT KONG MIN LI.
One of Fr. Morris's thirty-two
mission stations.

sionate Heart plead for this foolish soul now at the eternal doors. So he has been true to his lights in life; he need not now fear death—yet is he but one of vast numbers whose religion of tom-tomming is as empty of the essential charity as *sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal*.

(More of it in the October Number)

Fr. Morris Writes.

AM I late for the September exhibition of Korean wares? I essayed several times to send an article, "Red Letter Days from the Annals of Yeng You," but each attempt has proved abortive. My muse has plenty of copy, but her voice was drowned by other affairs that clamored for attention. Time is a cheap commodity with most Orientals, but how regrettable that it is non-negotiable.

Consequently, during the time "at our disposal," with the care of a curate and other minor troubles, there is slight danger of petrification. Supervising a mission school of one hundred and seventy pupils, keeping in touch with our thirty-two outlying stations, and striving to give our catechist and language instructor no reason for being ashamed to accept their monthly allowance—and, between these acts, pushing the propaganda pen for the "mazuma" to support our retainers—

keep us on the jump and in the state of grace. Other details of our daily routine may interest you: lining up the dirtier school urchins for an occasional public bath and an introduction to the use of soap; instructing our future McCormacks and Farrars in the rudiments of plain chant; designing "original" altars and stations of the cross for the first edifice to honor St. Patrick in all Korea; and inspecting the work of brickmakers, carpenters, and painters—to whom a foot more or less matters little; a design is only a theory; and a curve and a straight line are about the same.

Apropos of the new chapel, I visited Tai Wun San recently, the mountain in our vicinity noted for its fine granite. A tiny portion of this mountain was transported ten miles to build the foundations and provide a few fancy trimmings for our chapel—the pride of the village, if I do say so. "Faith can move mountains," we have imbibed from a grand old mother. I guess our faith isn't topnotch, for I had to borrow some yen before any of that mountain could be coaxed to move to our plot. Oh, since last you gazed on my handsome figure, silver streaks have appeared and the young titular of Yeng You is due for a premature grave unless he can hypnotize some benefactors.

You can't surmise the singular manner in which my fatherhood was emphasized this week. One of my flock brought word that a pagan mother

whose husband is dead, and who is incapable of much work, was obliged to place out her only boy of eight years. The lad is above matriculation age for the orphans' home in Seoul. What to do? I thought of the Saviour's plea for His little ones, and we adopted the waif. His name shall be "Johnny, Jr." The prospects of his earthly inheritance are slim; but he'll have company at least in our household, for there's a playmate for him in Jimmy.

Perhaps I have failed to mention Jimmy in previous letters. What would I do without him? He follows like my shadow: his presence is comforting during the quiet hours of the night—his cot is close to mine; he is by my side when I dine; and he accompanies me on my strolls. Like most "regular" little fellows, he has an aversion to getting washed. He can run fast and jump high, and hereby hangs a "tail." Let me introduce you to my pet—Jimmy, an American shepherd.

Fr. Cassidy is a hundred miles "up kentry" on a spiritual visitation among the gold miners, while I am engaged every day hearing the confessions of the Christians at the center. On Saturday (eve of Pentecost) large numbers will flock in from every station, and, of course, we must not let such an occasion to shine in the pulpit escape us, which means composing a sermon that will cause Adam Cho, and Job Kim, and Isaias Moon to sit up and take notice.

There are many other features of our life that would interest you: a



SCHOOL AND CONVENT AT GISHU, KOREA.
The school children are welcoming the latest Maryknollers to Korea.

AN ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK.

description of our soup-line when we dole out a little nourishment to our poorest kiddies as they take their snack of dried fish and rice (some of them come a distance of five miles to our school); a description of a fire alarm when the "ancient and honorable" bucket brigade springs to action. I might enumerate the events that cheer the missionary: the Easter convert baptisms of eighteen, or a total of sixty for the year; the arrival of a check, which makes us grow ten years younger.

But I must close with a brief account of a mission trip which reveals conditions that confront us in many quarters. It embraced ten stations, but I wish to show you Kwang Shul Li, in particular.

We left the preceding station and were on the road. The weather man fulfilled his threat; we were overtaken by rain. But such does not "phase" the knight of the road, and we kept going ahead until further advance was cut short by another obstacle, a tendril of the sea which was so swollen by the first spring freshet and the incoming tide that the sign was up: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." We had to "right about face" and make for our nearest station a few miles away, drenched through. The next day we tried our fortune, and were in the same plight apparently. However, undismayed, we followed along the bank a distance of a mile or more, for a possible crossing, and succeeded in finding one which necessitated our wading through mud over our shoetops.

This station numbers five families. Like the rest of the people in that district, the Catholics are poor as a result of the failure of crops for two successive years. They appealed to their fellow-Catholics for aid in buying rice seed for planting. One farmer, unable otherwise to pay his seed bill, had to part with his ox used for plowing. Then, without an ox, he could not prepare his fields and he grew melancholy at the prospect of another lean year. His case was presented so touchingly by the catechist that I could not turn down the request for the price of another ox—yen (eighty).



THE thirty-one members of the Tokyo Synod held last fall in Japan represented eight nationalities.

His Excellency the Most Reverend Giardini, Apostolic Delegate to Japan, arrived in San Francisco during July and was received with joy by the Maryknoll priests and Sisters at Los Angeles. Their hundred and more little Japanese flowers bowed their heads for His Excellency's blessing, when Fr. Kress introduced the distinguished visitor at the St. Francis Xavier School.

From Los Angeles, His Excellency was accompanied as far as the Grand Canyon by Fr. Swift. He then continued to Kansas City and Chicago on his way to New York, from which port he left for Rome. Maryknoll was happily on His Excellency's itinerary.

We read in the *Bulletin Catholique* of Peking that anti-religious papers in France have taken exception to the transfer to Rome of the Propagation of the Faith, suggesting that money given by the French would go to strangers. The Supreme Council sitting at Rome published figures showing that France still receives fifty-three per cent of all the gatherings; Germans and Austrians re-

ceive only six and six-tenths per cent. The remainder of the money was distributed as follows:

Italians	2,700,000 francs
Belgians	1,200,000 francs
Irish and English	830,000 francs
Spanish and Portuguese	550,000 francs
Americans, Swiss, etc.	520,000 francs

Our very dear Bishop Berlioz of Hakodate, Japan, whose first name, we sometimes think should be Job, has managed to complete his twenty-five thousand dollar cathedral after years of trial and months of exile passed in asking for material help.

On the reverse side of a postcard view of it, he writes that the three altars, the pulpit, and the stations of the cross, all made by a Tyrolean wood-carver, are credited to the generosity of Pope Benedict XV, whom Bishop Berlioz met in Rome.

Pilgrims to Rome will do well to recall that there is no one in the Church better fitted to disburse their alms than the Shepherd of Christendom.

We congratulate those of our readers who are among the Bishop's benefactors and who, as such, are the object of his special prayers. The two photographs on pages 244 and 245 tell their own story.

In 1903 there were in China 783,000 Catholic souls. Twenty years later, there were 2,208,800. Hopeful, is it not?

Today in China there are 57 bishops and 2552 priests (of whom 1071 are native and 1481 Westerners, mostly from Europe). Americans are few but "coming." Deo Gratias.

FOR CHRIST IN KOREA

Do not fail to read Fr. Cleary's article on the pressing need of schools. A large number of Protestant mission institutions have met the requirements of the Japanese Government. The Maryknoll mission schools have not been able to obtain government recognition, because of insufficient financial backing. This is *your* opportunity to do great things for Christ in Korea.

AN OLD MISSIONER'S
MEMORIES.

THE story of Just de Bretenières is told in a Maryknoll book entitled, *For the Faith*. There is in Japan, today, a venerable missionary known to passing Maryknollers, Fr. Villion, who recalls the young martyr, and we are pleased to note here some of his memories:

It is now sixty-two years since Aimé Villion first entered the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. But his student days held memories which the years have never dimmed. During his three years at the rue du Bac, Fr. Villion was in daily contact with future martyrs and confessors of the faith. While still a student at the Sulpician seminary of Issy, he became acquainted with Just de Bretenières. It was Just who guided his young friend to the rue du Bac.

The aged missionary still speaks with emotion of his "guardian angel," as he calls Just. Just was a universal favorite because of his humility, his remarkable gentleness, and his joy in the service of the Master. Even in his seminary days, he impressed all who came in contact with him as a soul always in union with God.

Then there were the three other martyrs of 1866. Henri Dorie came of peasant stock. Gay and lovable, he was the intimate friend of the nobleman, Just de Bretenières. Louis Beaulieu was a real son of Gascony, vivacious and the life of any gathering. Luc Huin, on the contrary, was habitually quiet and grave.

The four young apostles left France in July, 1864. The Saturday following their departure, Fr. Albrand, the Superior of the Seminary, was conducting spiritual reading. Addressing the assembled student body, he spoke of the "four Koreans." "They have been in your midst as an example," he said; "you have seen their daily progress in sanctity. Yes, they are saints! Do not forget them."

Two years later, when Fr. Villion and three companions landed at Singapore, they were met at the wharf by an older missionary. "Praise God," were his words of greeting, "we have nine martyrs in Korea: two bishops and seven missionaries!" Among the seven missionaries were our "four Koreans."

Another of Fr. Villion's precious memories is associated with Théophane Vénard, the young martyr of Tongking.* In the autumn of 1875, four years after Théophane's martyrdom, the seminarians of the rue du Bac were

awakened by the loud clanging of the bell at two in the morning. At first they thought a fire had been discovered, but soon they heard one of the directors in the corridor calling out that there was to be a ceremony and that the students must dress at once and go down into the courtyard. Soon all were gathered near the front gate and lighted candles were passed around.

After a few moments, a carriage drove up and one of the priests got out. Then a large box was carefully taken from the carriage. When the

wrappings had been removed, the light of the many candles revealed a red lacquer casket. It contained the relics of Théophane Vénard. A suppressed murmur of exclamations burst from the seminarians and several approached the casket and reverently kissed it. Four directors then carried it to the Hall of Martyrs, while all joined in the chant, *Subvenite, Sancti Dei, occurrere, Angeli Domini!* No king or emperor ever had a homecoming more impressive or more majestic than the humble little martyr of Tongking.



WHEN THE SYNOD OPENED AT TOKYO.

His Excellency the Most Reverend Archbishop Giardini, Apostolic Delegate who recently visited Maryknoll, may be seen on his throne at the left.

* This life is also published at Maryknoll under the title *A Modern Martyr*.

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR BEST AGENTS.

Noted Nearer Home.

THE Paris Foreign Mission Society has eleven hundred and fifty-five missionaries, who are assisted by twelve hundred and thirty-five native priests. A fine record, this.

A modest window was recently set in the village church of Assais, France. It will stand as a memorial to Blessed Théophane Vénard and as a remembrance of Maryknollers whose sacrifice offerings secured it.

Russian refugees are finding friends in Europe among the Catholic clergy and laity, and the opening is being enlarged for admittance to the fold, of these much-tried people. A movement in this direction has been launched in the United States by the formation of a branch of the Catholic Union.

The late Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S.T.D., professor of apologetics at the Catholic University of America, was very close to Maryknollers, and his loss will be mourned by them here and overseas. He was a yearly visitor to Ossining and a special adviser to Maryknoll students at the Catholic University.

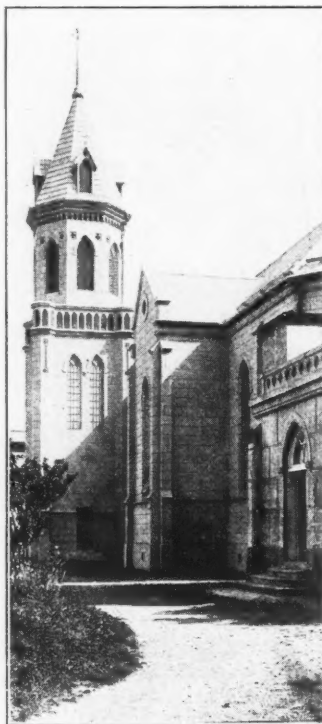
A devoted friend, too, was the late Rev. Michael J. Doody, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

To both, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society has been a debtor, though never considered by either as such, and for the souls of both we ask a fervent prayer.

Australia and New Zealand

know a good thing when they see it and thirteen good things when they see them. One mail from those far-off lands has just brought three orders for goodly quantities of Maryknoll Books.

The discriminating firms are: E. J. Dwyer, Sydney, Australia; W. B. Linchan, Melbourne, Australia; and E. O'Connor, Christchurch, New Zealand. Drop in



THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT
HAKODATE, JAPAN.

on them when you are around that way.

WHY—

Not, when renewing, make it six years, and send us Five Dollars?

WHY—

Delay?—Fifty Dollars will bring you the FIELD AFAR for LIFE! and you or yours will be remembered in perpetuity in the prayers of all Maryknollers.

An unusual association, *Les Amis des Missions* (Friends of the Missions), has been recently founded in France. The administrative council is composed of seculars, men of position and ability. The aim of the association is to show that the best elements of French civilization have been propagated in other countries chiefly by French missionaries. A scientific study will be made of the influence of the missions in the history of world civilization. The association has many projects: the founding of a mission library, open to the public; the giving of lectures on mission topics, and, if possible, the establishment of a university course on the history of missions; the sending of articles on mission topics to the press; and the publication of works bearing on missions. Several numbers of the *Revue D'Histoire des Missions* have already been published.

A WORD FROM HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LAURENTI.

I have received two beautiful books sent by you—Felix Westermout's life and the dissertation of the Rev. F. J. Winslow; I also receive regularly, with great pleasure, *The Field Afar*.

I am particularly grateful as I keep in my heart the greatest affection for the missions and missionaries. I rejoice very much in America's mission work, and I thank God that this great idea is developing in the American clergy, both regular and secular.

I remember my first meeting with you and Father Price, in Rome, at the beginning of your institution; and now the little seed is increasing and will become a vigorous tree. I will pray God for that.

My congratulations to the learned author of the very complete dissertation on Mission Canon Law. Felix Westermout's life will be precious in the preparation of missionaries for their work. not with the illusions of poetry, but with the generous purposes of sacrifice. *Delictis omnibus!*—that is the glory, the force of apostolate!

With my best respects and blessings,

✠ Camillus Cardinal Laurenti.

In Brooklyn City, where not a few priests and many of the laity have a kindly regard for Maryknoll, there is a small group of young men organized as the Vénard Club. In view of suggesting similar activities, these young men who have "felt the urge to do something constructive to justify their faith" have issued a leaflet from which we quote:

What the Vénard Club Does—

Every member is a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR, and, through discussions at the meetings, he becomes acquainted with the work being carried on by the missionaries.

The members are pledged to remember Maryknoll in their prayers. The club receives Holy Communion in a body once every three months, the spiritual benefits of which are offered for the missions.

Through frequent social functions, the club is enabled to render financial assistance, in a small way. These affairs also serve to bind the members together in a fraternity of good fellowship.

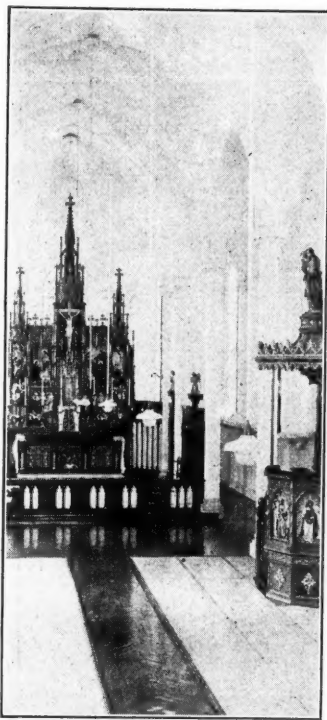
This club has already occasioned several vocations for the Seminary service of Maryknoll.

**PITTSBURGH'S
LAY APOSTOLATE**

THE Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of the Diocese of Pittsburgh had its humble beginning.

In 1908, a member of a Pittsburgh parish moved to a small mining town where he found many Catholic children who were receiving no religious instruction. This condition was made known to a friend and a class was organized. Others became interested, and, by 1916, there were seventy teachers conducting classes in thirty-five missions.

Realizing the importance of the work, Bishop Canevin, in 1916, formed these workers into a Diocesan Lay Apostolate and appointed a priest to instruct teachers for the work and to minister to the spiritual wants of the scattered flock. At present the apostolate extends through the ten counties of the diocese, where seven hundred men and women, zealous for souls, labor in the scattered mining districts, teach-



INTERIOR OF BISHOP BERLIOZ'S
NEW CATHEDRAL.

(See article, page 242)

ing the truths of religion to about eighteen thousand children.

Most of these teachers are employed during the week in the classroom, or at business in city offices. In many cases, their Sunday work lasts from early morning until late at night, yet it is without material recompense.

Today three priests are assigned to this work. The latest report shows that chapels have

At Maryknoll-at-Home, one dollar—

Will pay for 100 square feet of Maryknoll land.

Will meet the expenses of a seminarian for about a day.

Will supply the daily bread (bread only) of one-fourth of the Maryknoll community.

Will pay the Maryknoll winter coal bill for 30 minutes.

At the Venard, one dollar—

Will pay for 200 square feet of Vénard land.

Will place 10 bricks in the Vénard walls.

Will meet the expenses of a student for about a day.

In China, one dollar—

Will support a missionary for one day.

Will pay the wages of a catechist for two days.

Will meet the expenses of a Chinese seminarian for about three days.

Will supply a missionary with Mass wine for a month.

In Korea, one dollar—

Will meet the expenses of a Korean seminarian for about two days.

been erected in twenty-four missions, seven of which now have resident pastors.

An interesting development of the Lay Apostolate of the Pittsburgh Diocese is the interaction of this phase of home mission activity and foreign mission work. Among the young men and women who have devoted their time to the apostolate, vocations have developed for foreign missions, and several former instructors are now at Maryknoll. Others have joined religious communities for the work in the homeland. Nor has there been a dearth of teachers for the confraternity, for there is always another ready and eager to fill each vacancy.

"Father Price of Maryknoll"

I have read this book with peculiar pleasure, and I congratulate the author on the portrait drawn of this man of God. I can see him now, as he knelt to ask a blessing on the work of a Seminary for Missions. He seemed to radiate humility, earnestness, and a profound affection for souls lost in the shadows of paganism.

I like greatly the make-up of the little book, and hope that you will get out an indefinite series of texts of this kind, that can be read at one sitting.

✠ Thomas J. Shahan

Rector, Catholic University.

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with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

KOREA has for some years given much promise of conversion, and the experience of Maryknoll missionaries, short as it has been, is very gratifying. A step forward was made recently when a group of Korean martyrs were honored at Rome by being placed on the Church's altars. Surely heaven will give approval to this act by showering special graces on all the Korean missions.

SINCE 1919, Our Lady's name day has recalled for Maryknoll communities and for many of their friends, the first death on our mission field, that of the saintly Father Price, who, with its present Superior, founded the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, in 1911.

Father Price spent only one year in the land of his adoption, where his precious remains now rest, an inspiration to the younger men who followed him into the field.

THERE is no type of man that pulls harder at our worn heart strings than a real missionary who has reluctantly left his flock in some far land and is trying to find some friends in this land of gold. Such a missionary recently left America empty handed

Chinese silk vestments sold by business houses, and reputed to come from the "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of China," or from the "Catholic Foreign Missions of China," are not made by or under the direction of Maryknoll Sisters, who, as yet, themselves control the disposal of their handiwork.

and disheartened for lack of openings. His work will go on and he will save his soul, perhaps the more certainly because of his disappointment, but he will always regret that he could not have been backed with the means to save others.

THE feast day of Saint Teresa of the Infant Jesus comes this month on the thirtieth, and all who are concerned about spreading the Gospel of Christ, missionaries especially, will look to The Little Flower for some special favors. Why not? The popular little Saint of Lisieux thought much about missions and prayed much for them. She even corresponded with apostolic souls and had a warm place in her pure heart for the memory of Blessed Théophane Vénard, whom all Maryknollers love very much too.

AMERICA has yet to register the names of sons and daughters, natives to the soil, who have shed their blood for Christ; but it is good to know that the Church has recently beatified three who lived and toiled on this side of the Atlantic.

These, as our readers know, are

"If folks back home only knew how much catechists mean to us," a missionary writes, "I feel certain that some would help us to the extent of \$15 a month."

This amount is, I know, a considerable sum for the average individual to give steadily during the year; but can someone interest the Sodality or the Court or the Council? We hardly dare suggest a Catechist Burse (\$3,000), but what a welcome it would get here and abroad.

Father Jogues and his two lay companions, René Goupil and John Lalonde.

As we look down from our hill to the Hudson River, we often picture Father Jogues passing in his canoe, and we pray that his spirit may often hover above this Knoll of Mary.

THE action of the Catholic Daughters of America recalls the coöperation given on a former occasion by the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion, which, at its convention in 1917, voted to establish a Student Burse (\$6,000) at Maryknoll and later added several generous gifts to this welcome sum.

The Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion was the first fraternal organization to recognize the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

The Catholic Daughters of America now goes on record as the first to help our Maryknoll Sisters. May both organizations reap the fruit of their love for the kingdom of God!

IT is expected that a fifth convent of Maryknoll Sisters will be opened in Eastern Asia before the end of this year. The place is at Antung, an important city of Manchuria (Northern China), on the borders of Korea, from which it is separated by the Yalu River.

One by one, on convent altars in far-off lands, the lights are twinkling where before there were no American Sisters, if, in truth, there were ever any Sisters.

Five convents are not many, but they mark American advance, and, we may add, that two or three more can be registered as active as soon as Divine Provi-

WITH EVERY

SUBSCRIBER

A

FRIEND

dence, coöperating with some good hearts, will permit. Maryknoll Sisters can supply the personnel but not the means.

DEPARTURES are becoming a habit for Maryknollers, yet to those immediately concerned, the outgoing missionaries, their families, and old-time friends, each departure is in turn a momentous occasion.

Shortly after this issue of THE FIELD AFAR leaves press, and about the time it reaches our readers on the Pacific Coast, several groups of priests and Sisters, twenty-four in all, will be leaving the homeland for their long flight to Eastern Asia.

The ceremonies of departure, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening, will take place at Maryknoll on September 8, Our Lady's birthday. We ask a prayer for these new missionaries. They have been told, but they do not realize what tasks lie before them; and they will need many graces.

THE section in Korea allotted to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is in the northwestern portion and separated from China only by the Yalu River, beyond which is Manchuria. At this writing, in the Maryknoll sector there are as yet only seven American priests, two Brothers, and six Sisters; but, by November, six more priests and six more Sisters will have been placed at the disposal of Fr. Byrne, the Maryknoll Superior in Korea.

Under instruction from Rome, and by the courtesy of the Bishop of Mukden, the Rt. Rev. Jean Blois of the Paris Foreign Missions, Fr. Byrne will now place some of his staff beyond the Yalu, and the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America will have entered China by its northern gatepost.

BY the time our September issue appears, China will perhaps be quiet. We hope so. We



ST. TERESA OF THE INFANT JESUS.

How dear is now to me that pagan horde,
The object of Thy burning love below!
If Jesus would to me that grace accord,
Ah, thither with what ardor would I go!
Before Him space and distance fade away,
This earth is but a plaything on the breeze;
My actions, my small sufferings, today,
Can make my Jesus loved beyond the seas.

(From the hymn of the Little Flower to Blessed Théophane Vénard.)

have, however, been through some disturbing periods, and not a few among our many friends have kindly expressed their concern for the welfare of our missionaries.

The so-called anti-foreign movement has been helpful in revealing what was recognized by only a few, that Bolshevik influences have been long at work, and this exposure will stimulate needed influences.

In the meantime, it is well to recall that the Chinese are a peaceful people who like to acquire and hold each his own little plot of ground. Such folks do not welcome Bolsheviks.

As for bandits, there are doubt-

less more people killed in this country by roadside thugs and housebreakers than in all of China.

TWO important announcements that will now enter into the history of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America concern our missions in China. The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, under whose direction Maryknoll as a mission-training house is placed, has encouraged our Society to accept offers from the Bishop of Swatow (Province of Kwangtung) and from the Bishop of Mukden (Province of Manchuria) to extend mission efforts into sectors of their respective vicariates.

The Rev. Francis X. Ford, who went from Maryknoll to China in 1918, has been assigned as Superior in the Swatow sector, and Fr. Byrne of Korea will, for the present, be "Number One" for the Maryknoll-in-Manchuria, which is just across the Yalu River.

Another announcement is that the Rev. Bernard F. Meyer has been selected as Superior of the Maryknoll sector in Kwangsi. This has been a stubborn, hard field, with no promise of brilliant results; but there are souls in Kwangsi, hosts of them. We must now redouble our efforts to reach them. Fr. Meyer has been recalled to the United States to prepare for his mission. After seven years of steady grind in various missions of Kwangtung Province in China, he looks remarkably well—hardly changed—and is resolute in his desire to return as soon as he can to the great task that lies before him.

PUBLICITY

You will get more publicity for donating \$1,000 to the upkeep of the golf links than if you give the same sum to the building of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Seminary. But there is an eternity before you when the only publicity which counts is that written by the recording angel in the Book of Life. Make sure now that your name will be listed there.

MANY FRIENDS WILL PUSH OUR CAUSE.

SCHOOLS—THE QUESTION!

"*SIN Boo Nim!—Sin Boo gay-sim-nec-ka?*" It was a timid feminine voice, evidently that of a child, which awakened me about two in the morning, calling in Korean from outside the house, "Father—is Father there?"

"Yes," I replied, "what is it?" as I opened the door and let in a trembling, scared little girl, a pagan child of eight, one of our school children, Lee Sah Gyung.

"Oh, Father, my little baby brother is dying. Come and give him baptism so he can go to heaven."

And Father went—followed the little pagan child through the narrow dark winding alleys of Gishu, the scarce candlelight from the lantern of wooden frame and paper sides, just enough to enable us to avoid the mischievous stones and open gutters in the way.

And as he followed the shadowy little figure bearing the lantern peculiar to the Orient, the Father could not help but reflect. You will admit that the



A TYPICAL KOREAN SCHOOLBOY.

stage was set for reflections other than those of the lamp—two in the morning, the houses, low crooked rows of mud and thatch, stretching out on both sides to the next turn in the alley, the outlines of the roofs barely visible in the darkness, except those within the short radius of the lantern light, and the stillness of the night, broken only by the shuffling of the little one's sandals and the heavier step of him following. The Father was mindful of the words, "*A little child shall lead them.*"

The timid little girl who gazed round in shy respect from time to time, to make sure that Father was coming, or to hold the flickering light over a bad spot in the path, was a pagan; no one of her family was Christian, still here she was bringing a Catholic priest, whom she called "Father," to baptize her dying baby brother "so he can go to heaven." Where had she learned about baptism and heaven? She must have been pretty deeply convinced of their necessity and reality to do what she did. In the first place, she would never have come for the priest without having explained to her parents why she should come, and obtained their consent. Pagan filial respect would have absolutely forbidden it; besides, little girls in pagan homes over here are taught and made to be seldom seen, much less heard, even by their fathers. Then, there was the journey to the mission, alone through the dark alleys at that hour of the night or morning—enough to terrify most little children of her age. Ah, but she had been coming to the mission school now for two years; she had heard often of baptism and heaven, and she wanted both for her little brother.

And she secured them both for him. I stood before the little mud door which little Sah Gyung had opened for me. The father and mother were there, and as I stopped to bow to them, the little sister was already at the side of the dying infant on the miserable quilt in the far corner of the room. The saving waters were soon poured, and, had I been able, I should have spoken



TOMMY KIM SMILES AT THE COLD WEATHER.

Since the Sisters at Sharon Hill sent him a new sweater, cap, and glove..

a few words of explanation to the parents who looked on with curiosity but nothing else. Such are the times when one simply aches for the language.

But there was more than curiosity in the grateful happy smile of the little one who slipped out of the door and into her sandals as I rose to go. She was waiting with lantern again in hand when I got my shoes on. She must escort the Father back. I had all I could do to make her stay at home, but my electric flash finally convinced her that I should not miss the lantern, and, with a profound bow and superlative thanks in the most honorific form (the Korean language varies in form according to the rank of the person addressed), she turned back, and I went on alone.

Associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is fifty cents a year.

CHI RHO—WEAR THE MONOGRAM OF CHRIST.

"Well, I guess we'll keep our school," I mused, as my light flashed along the inky alleys which the child's lantern had illumined a few minutes before—for I had been thinking seriously of giving it up. You may wonder why. I, too, should have a few years back, an innocent seminarian in old United States. But the viewpoint changes when I take down my mission map, and, looking to the northeast one hundred and fifty miles, say to myself, "All that is my parish. There are at least five large towns up there—one a city as large as Gishu itself, numbering over ten thousand inhabitants—besides innumerable villages scattered through the mountains; and in all that territory there is not a single Catholic chapel, not even a catechist—in other words, not the slightest pretense at even making a start yet. In the same territory, our Protestant compatriots labor with feverish activity and abundant resources. Shall I ever make a start if I continue to put all the money I can get hold of into our local school? Teachers' salaries, repairs,



TOMMY'S SISTER.
Not so fortunate.

supplies, coal enough to keep warm during the intense cold here, which continues throughout a goodly portion of the school year, besides the added time and responsibility, which count when one is trying to study the language by the sandwich method, make the school an expensive proposition.

I charge a tuition of thirty sen (fifteen cents) a month for each child. Forty per cent of the parents cannot pay even that, so poor are they. I've had cases of Catholic mothers coming to me, heads bowed in shame—ashamed of their poverty—to tell me that they would have to take their little Mary or Paul from school because they were unable to get the required fifteen cents each month. And I've investigated the cases and found that these women were telling the truth. Shall I turn the children away? What a reputation for charity the Catholic mission would get if I did that! And how it would help in the great work for which we are here, the spreading of the true faith—especially when our separated brethren are right around the corner ready to attract with a lavish hand any we turn from our door. And the poor, Christ's poor—why don't we take care of them? Why? Listen! I received from my Superior, Fr. Byrne, last month, a check for exactly six dollars, the total of the gifts for the month, through Maryknoll, for the Gishu mission. To the check he attached the grinning little note, "Now don't go and spend all this foolishly!" I grinned, too, when I read it, but the grin died, when I turned about and faced the situation again.

We have come, come to spread the faith; come from good, good old United States. But tell me, is the obligation only on those who have come; who have been called to give, lives? Is there none on you, the Catholic millions at home, to whom the faith is just as big a gift from God; and to whom it means just as much as it does to us? Because lives have been given, does it do away with the necessity of giving dollars? Or are dollars more precious than lives? Or is it easier for us to give lives than for you to



A CORNER OF THE PLAYGROUND.
At the Maryknoll School, Gishu.

give dollars? O friends, awake! arise!

Yes, I had been thinking about giving up the school—by that, I mean giving up any continuation of the work beyond the four grades crowded into the little building. It were folly now to give up the latter, which have been so painfully established. But April came and with it the beginning of the new term. The school was established four years ago; the children who entered then had gone as far as they could go. What should we do? Let them go on to the public school? Build a new school? The effects of pagan schools, as we have observed them on some of our children who have gone on to such schools, gave a decided "No!" to the first question; our bank account, or rather our "debt" account, as it is more fittingly termed since we put up the convent, gave an equally positive negative to the second.

There was one vacant room on the compound, the little catechumenate which I had been jealously guarding as the only place where the catechist

THE EMBLEM SOUGHT BY EARLY CHRISTIANS IN THE CATACOMBS.

could gather pagan men who showed any desire for a quiet social chat and smoke, often the small beginning of greater things. The same little house had already served temporarily as a sort of hospital when Sister A. took in a poor, sick pagan woman last winter. The woman died, but not before being baptized. Also she had a Catholic priest at her deathbed.

"To the catechumenate" became, therefore, the call to arms in our educational department. And to the gatehouse we went. A Chinese carpenter answered a hurried call for benches and desks; another teacher's name appeared on the payroll—to the tune of forty dollars per—and the "graduates" came trooping over joyfully to leave their little slippers outside another doorsill, their new school. There they study away, uninterrupted save by an occasional visit from Fr. Sweeney and me.

And so things are settled for this year. But next April the problem will be again on our hands, and there are no more catechumenates to be pressed into service. We will have to build! One of Korea's bishops, who has the benefit of years here, said to me, "Keep to your schools, especially to those for the girls. I look to the mothers of the next generation, educated in Catholic schools, as the hope of the Church here. The prospect among the boys of this generation, educated as they are in pagan government schools, whose main tenets seem to be evolution and atheism, is not too bright. But the children of Catholic educated mothers—well, we may hope!"

Little Lee Sah Gyung wore a bright smile as I met her the next morning tripping to the front gate to school. Had her little brother died? "Yes, he went to heaven soon after Sin Boo went home last night." And I thought the broad-visioned bishop quoted above was probably right! If little Sah Gyung wanted baptism and heaven so badly for her brother now, wouldn't she want them for her son and daughter, too, some day? It seemed she would; it seemed—she would!

Why, then, you may ask, does she

not ask for baptism for herself? Oh, but doesn't she? She has simply begged for it. But by the laws of wise Old Mother Church, old on the missions as elsewhere, we are not allowed, outside of danger of death, to baptize such a child without the assurance of the parents that she will be brought up a Catholic, and, over here, married to a Catholic. I might say that such is the position of a woman here, in so far as any right to direct her own actions or life is concerned, that she remains, practically, an infant all her life, subject absolutely, before her marriage, to the will of her father, and, thereafter, to that of her husband.

"Well, I guess we'll keep our school," I mused. "Guess we'll keep our school. Have to—got to!" Friend—won't you help us keep it?

FR. DUFFY sends a message from Shingishu:

How I have strained my eyes in searching the valleys here to find any signs of bog! Being an Irishman, fresh from a visit to the "Isle of Saints and Scholars," I was hoping I might be able to offer some worth-while suggestions in solving the heating problem. I fear, however, my quest has been in vain.

In a Korean house, as you have probably already heard, the floor is made of mud. Between it and the ground is an open space. In one end of this the fire is made—fed from without with

wood or dry leaves; at the other end is a chimney. The fire is lighted three times a day for the purpose of cooking the meals, and the heat then generated must supply all wants along that line for the rest of the time. I must say there is one fine thing about the floor: it is an absolutely sure cure for insomnia.

I have seen many snakes here—large and small; I have also had called to my attention, in more ways than one, the activities of the ever-present flea. However, no one can deny—and I suppose these facts are to their credit—that these insects are most faithful companions and certainly anything but narrow-minded—they make no discrimination in their treatment of Catholics, Protestants, or pagans.

Some days ago I witnessed a Korean fight and it was most amusing—to me. The combatants jostled each other while squeaking away with voices raised to the highest possible pitch. After about half an hour of this procedure, the two sat down together and smoked their pipes for the rest of the evening. I am sure first aid to the injured was never instituted after a Korean bout.

A curious sight, indeed, was the funeral which I happened to see pass recently. The coffin enclosing the remains was borne along on an ox cart. Preceding this part of the procession came a man seated in a chair which rested on the shoulders of several others. (Really I couldn't help but remark that the chair bore some resemblance to one I saw in Westminster Abbey last summer.) It was the business of the elevated individual to steer



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE FORMER KOREAN EMPEROR.

HOW SHALL THEY KNOW OF CHRIST

from his height a wooden wheel. This appeared to require many gesticulations and vehement shouting. The poor chair-bearers seemed at times to be in actual peril, with the activity overhead and the slippery mud underfoot. The gentleman at the wheel, I have learned, is supposed to be steering the soul of the deceased across the River Styx into the glorious Elysian Fields.

All the mourners—if you could call them by that appellation—took this time and occasion to practice vocal exercises, for there was a continual humming noticeable. The wail, at a distance, had a mournful sound, but as the procession approached and I looked into the joyful faces of the individuals, I realized that the whole thing might be summed up by that one suggestive word, "custom."

I couldn't help but think how purely mechanical it all was, and I felt I knew the reason: Christlike sympathy, the key to the human heart, was lacking, because paganism prevails, ancestor worship exists—yes, and God's greatest gift, the faith, is not known.

Catholic missionaries from America have begun to do God's work in Korea, but if the standard of the Cross is to be erected where the Shinto shrine now reigns, it will require not only the labors of the missionaries here, but also help from the loved ones in the homeland. So join with us in your prayers and sacrifices.

THE HOLY FATHER LEADS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CRUSADE.

THE six hundred million inhabitants of China, Japan, and the neighboring countries constitute one third of the total population of the globe. In the main, they are still pagan.

During recent years, these races have familiarized themselves with the discoveries of modern science in the West, but they manifest a proud contempt for western civilization and religion. The result of this evolution is a materialism more absolute than any known to the West. Another disintegrating influence on the morals of the yellow race has been the contact with the ideas of soviet Russia. The trend of affairs in the Orient threatens to become a world menace.

Modern schools and hospitals are not of themselves able to counteract these evils. China and Japan use such institutions merely

as a means of intensifying their materialistic development. The relative failure of Protestantism in China, as a religious force, is a strong proof of this statement. These nations need Christ and the surest means of bringing Christ to them is by prayer.

Some twelve years ago, an Association of Masses and Prayers for the Conversion of China, Japan, and the Neighboring Countries was formed.* Its headquarters was the Cistercian monastery of Our Lady of Consolation, near Peking, and it was placed under the protection of our Lady. The prayers of sixteen foreign and eighty-one Chinese contemplatives could not fail to bear fruit. The association waxed strong and it has lately united with the Crusade of Prayer to the Sacred Heart for the Conversion of China.

On April 5, 1923, Pope Pius XI granted an interview to Dom Louis Brun, the abbot of the monastery of Our Lady of Consolation. The Holy Father said:

I have chosen, as the furnishings of my private chapel where I say Mass every morning, a crucifix, candlesticks, and vases made in China, so that I may be reminded of the Far East during the most important act of each day.

Then, having thought a while, he added:

The conversion of the Far East is of vital interest, both for God's glory and for the safety of the world. I have this intention so much at heart that I propose to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the fifteenth of every month in union with those who are devoting themselves to the crusade you are directing. I desire that my name should head the roll of crusaders.

A member of this modern crusade (if a priest) is asked to offer one Mass, or (if a lay person) twelve Communions yearly for the conversion of the Far East. Voluntary prayers and sacrifices in addition are encouraged.

No day is set for the Mass offered, but, if on the fifteenth of the month, the prayers will be in union with those of the Vicar of Christ on Earth.

* Applications for membership may be sent to any Trappist monastery.



SOME HAZING!

"Say, Tom, Johnny's here."

"Honest? Oh, to lay hands on him!"

The new chap in seat number twelve, Johnny Adair, shifted nervously, and cast furtive glances at the two conspirators ahead of him. What new boy doesn't feel like a fish out of water on the first day of school? And then, to hear that one of his fellow classmates could hardly wait to lay hands on him made the shivers run up and down the by-no-means weak spine of Johnny Adair.

The bell for recess tinkled. Boys and girls swarmed to the teacher's desk and each took away a large magazine. Someone touched Johnny on the shoulder. He glanced up bravely into the face of the lad who had been whispering about him a bit earlier. His hour had come.

"You're new, eh?"

Johnny nodded.

"Know Johnny Junior?"

The head shook a negative reply.

"Say, you're to be pitied. It's the best magazine going, only fifty cents a year, too—"

But he got no further. Already Johnny Adair was digging down into his pocket for that shiny fifty-cent-piece his Dad had given him Saturday for getting the lawn cleaned up and cut.

During the next period he heard Tom and his chum whispering again.

"Say, that new boy's some sport. He just gave me fifty cents for a subscription to THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR!"

"Some hazing," chuckled Johnny Adair up his sleeve.

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?



THE 1925 CLASS OF PRIESTS, WHO WERE ORDAINED AT MARYKNOLL BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL HAYES

Knoll News.

SEPTEMBER finds Maryknoll alive with the business of preparing for its eleventh departure ceremony. The outgoing missionaries enjoyed a stay at home with their dear ones, and, during the month of August, they could be seen at the Knoll dividing the day between conferences and cooking classes. Samples of the culinary art were tried out on the faculty, who are still—more or less—well. The bread, biscuits, and pie were not exactly "what mother used to make," but we admire as much the courage of the tyros as we do that of the survivors.

By the first of the month, the members of the student body were reunited, and all came back contented in the memory that "home and mother" were still *there*, and excited by the thoughts of approaching events.

The days previous to departure are always busy ones, with packing and shipping and last farewells. The day itself—Our Lady's birthday—is a fitting occasion for the beginning of such an important journey, and opens with Solemn Mass. In the afternoon, the departure of the Sisters takes place from their own chapel, where friends of "the travelers" gather to say good-by. A feature of the Sisters' farewell is the singing of an inspiring hymn prepared for this ceremony by two of their number.

In the evening, the ceremony is held at the Seminary on the lawns of the cloister, which are open, for that occasion, to the relatives and friends of our outgoing missionaries. The services begin with the long procession of missionaries, Seminary professors and visiting priests, seminarians, and Auxiliary Brothers. Arrived at the altar erected on the lawn, all recite the *Itinerarium*, the Church's prayer for those undertaking a journey. An address to the "departants" is followed by

the commission given to each missionary, signifying the field in which he is to labor for the conversion of pagan souls. The missionaries' crucifixes are then blessed and placed about the neck of each priest by the Superior-General, who embraces each of his sons with the kiss of peace. During this ceremony the choir sings the beautiful Gounod departure hymn: "Go forth ye heralds of God's tender mercy."

All priests present follow the Superior in bidding the missionaries Godspeed, and Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament concludes the service. The travelers, a few minutes later, are whisked away into the night amid the ringing of bells, the singing of hymns, and the hearty cheers of those who—looking forward to their own departure day—rejoice in the fact that new apostles are still anxious to go forth to fields white with souls.

Retreat for the seminarians follows departure day this year, in preparation for the fall ordinations and the opening of the school term. At this time our subdeacons advance to the diaconate, and more than twenty receive the various minor orders and tonsure. The new semester opens with a Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, offered that His grace may fill the souls of the young disciples preparing to take up or to renew their seminary life.

The summer was a pleasant one on Mary's hilltop. After Foundation Day, the compound missed the footfalls of many students who were at home for a brief holiday. Later, some of them, through the courtesy of several hospitals, were enabled to gain practical knowledge of medical work, which, they hope, will stand them in good stead in mission lands. We are grateful to the friends of Maryknoll who made this experience possible.

Early in July, all the priests, except those recently ordained, left Maryknoll for the annual retreat, which, as in former years, was held at our Preparatory College (the Vénard) near Scranton, Pennsylvania. The conferences were given by the Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, under whose direction our priests spent an inspiring and profitable week.

Visitors from near and far "honked" up to our front door during vacation days, and enjoyed a breath from the river which circles around our knolltop. Occasional showers did not mar the pleasure of bus-riders who came in goodly numbers on fixed Sundays, nor did the warmer rays of the sun check the enthusiasm of young baseball fans who escaped the parental eye long enough to "try out" our diamond.

Building operations went along slowly during the summer days, and some of our visitors expressed their surprise to find us "still in the rough." The apparent healthfulness of our "inmates," though, proved that the "rough" is not as bad as painted. Maryknollers patiently wait for other days, and are content in the knowledge that God's in His heaven, and all's well.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is now affiliated with the Catholic University of America.

On June 10, twenty-two Maryknoll students received various degrees from the university, some from the School of Sacred Science, others from that of Philosophy. Last year several Maryknoll students actually resided at the university, living in a small cottage near the Apostolic Mission House where they secured their meals.

But some day, as Maryknoll develops, we hope that it can find a small place of its own under the shadow of the university.

SAFEGUARD OUR LORD'S INTERESTS IN YOUR WILL BY A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY.

LO PA HONG.

MR. LO PA HONG, the most distinguished Catholic layman in China, had a busy time in the United States, which he visited in July. He came to attend a national convention of business men in Seattle and with some other Chinese represented a Chamber of Commerce in his own country.

Mr. Lo was met at Seattle by the Maryknoll procurator accompanied by several priests and laymen. He stayed at the cathedral rectory as the guest of Fr. Stafford, and later when the convention opened at the Hotel Olympic. While in Seattle, he was entertained successively by Bishop O'Dea and Mr. William Pigott, of that city, also by Mr. Edward Hurley and Mr. James Farrell, delegates to the convention. He addressed a Holy Name Convention and Councils of the Knights of Columbus.

When in Portland, Oregon, Mr. Lo faced an audience of seven hundred at the Knights of Columbus Hall.

In San Francisco, he made his headquarters at the Maryknoll Procure. He was received by Archbishop Hanna, was banqueted by Chinese business men and Chinese Catholics, witnessed movies at the Paulist Mission, lunched at the diocesan Seminary, Menlo Park, and had private conferences with well-known business men.

In Chicago he was met by reporters and photographers and conducted to the rectory of St. Malachy's where he was the guest of Fr. J. F. Callaghan. While in Chicago, Mr. Lo met His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, visited St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, and other institutions charitable and commercial. He lunched with Mr. Edward Hurley and dined with Bishop Muldoon, Msgr. Kelly, and Fr. Callaghan. Bishop Muldoon, on this occasion,



WHEN OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITOR PASSED THROUGH CHICAGO.

Rev. J. F. Callaghan

Lo Pa Hong

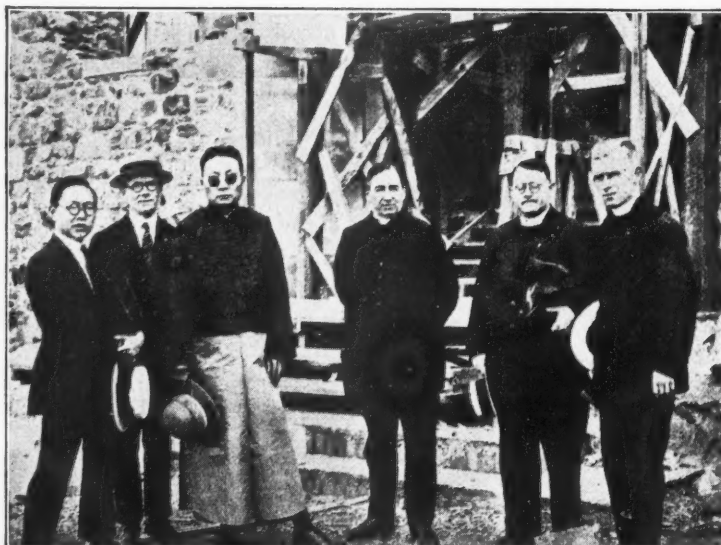
His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein.

gave a stirring appeal for foreign mission vocations.

Mr. Lo was received in New York by Mr. James A. Farrell of Norwalk, Connecticut, and, after a visit of courtesy to the Cardinal's residence, he went to Maryknoll.

That evening both communities enjoyed moving pictures of Mr. Lo's great charitable enterprises.

Under escort of the Maryknoll Superior, Mr. Lo filled several business engagements. Being pressed for time, he left on an early boat for Europe.



SHANGHAI'S NOBLE CITIZEN A GUEST AT MARYKNOLL.

BE A PROPAGANDIST IN THE GREATEST OF ALL CAUSES.

Catholic Daughters of America Encourage Maryknoll Sisters to Build.

IT is now nearly fourteen years since the nucleus of the Maryknoll Sisters—Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic—arrived to offer their precious services to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Today they comprise almost one half of the entire Maryknoll family, numbering, to be exact, at this writing, two hundred and twenty.

Living quarters were found for them, at first, in St. Teresa's; but today they occupy five distinct structures, no one of which is adapted to their needs and all of which are destined for other uses. How they manage is a problem the solution of which the Superior of Maryknoll himself admits he does not dare to attempt.

Some years ago, it seemed imperative to build the long-desired Mother-House and Novitiate, but other needs pressed very hard, and the "holy women" remained standing under the cross.

They would smile at this comparison, but we do know that they have been at times seriously inconvenienced. Doubtless, however, such trials and worse are not undesirable in the training to which an aspirant to the missions should be subjected; but there is another consideration. Unity of discipline and the best development of a religious spirit cry out against the scattering of the flock all over the same "compound," and a religious training house should not be too long unsettled in temporary lodgings.

It was our Sisters' hope to begin work on the new Mother-House this past spring, but, when the time arrived, they seemed farther away than ever from the realization of their desire. Prayers were doubled, and, in the darkest moment, a ray of light came from Connecticut through some members of the well-known organization of Catholic women known

as the

Catholic Daughters of America.

The light grew stronger when it was realized that some twelve Sisters in the Maryknoll Community had been former members of the Catholic Daughters.

Invitations then arrived from several Courts for speakers from Maryknoll, and these were followed by openings for the Mother-General of the Maryknoll Sisters to address the State Conventions in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New York.

Finally, at the National Convention, held in San Francisco early in July, when Miss Mary C. Duffy, the supreme regent graciously accorded Mother Mary Joseph the privilege of speaking, a resolution was passed encouraging the Catholic Daughters of America to help sponsor the Foreign Mission Sisters to St. Dominic in the great task of building that lies before them.

When the news was wired to Maryknoll, it was received with grateful joy by all concerned—by none, however, with more satisfaction than by the Superior of Maryknoll, who for the past few years has been watching anxiously the incoming groups of fine young souls seeking an outlet for their apostolic ambitions. As these came (and rarely went), he found himself torn between the prospect of doing much with these blessed additions or of advising postponement of entrance—a most undesirable expedient.

To what extent this splendid national organization of the Catholic Daughters of America will provide the means for that other

national Society, the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, to set their city on a hill, we do not know, but we heartily congratulate the Maryknoll Sisters on the assurance already given, and we congratulate the Catholic Daughters of America on the honor of standing sponsor to the first Society of American women to enter upon the blessed task of saving souls for Christ in the foreign mission fields.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things.

May the Catholic Daughters of America soon realize in every Court of their Order the blessings that will surely follow their action in San Francisco!

And now, since both branches of Maryknoll effort are nationwide in their membership and both have vast undertakings before them, we would express the hope that other Catholic fraternal organizations would open their wickets to the Maryknoll appeal.

BETHANY.

Bethany, the newly-built hostel which has been constructed not far from Maryknoll for guests of the gentler sex, promises well.

We say this because Bethany has been building under difficult conditions and has struggled to find its place in the sun.

Strikes and delicate adjustments with local authorities have kept back the opening until now, but in the experience of most of us, head winds at the start mean plain sailing later.

In any event, Bethany will be found by friends of Maryknoll to be a very attractive retreat, and we shall not be surprised to hear soon that it is functioning to its capacity.

The novenas at the Maryknoll Sisters' chapels are continuous, and requests for a share in these prayers come in daily. Any one desiring special prayers may write directly to
Rev. Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll Convent, Maryknoll, N. Y.

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

The Venard.

VENARDERS have a warm place in their hearts for Korea, not only because they are familiar with the lives of many of its early missionary priests and martyrs, but more especially because Maryknoll has its own mission there.

The Korean Mission Superior, the Very Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, was rector at The Venard, and he will always be remembered at the Preparatory College for his devotion to his charges and for his knack at getting things done by pitching in himself along with the boys. Fr. Morris, pastor at Yeng You, was once The Venard procurator. Can we ever forget his persevering endeavors to master the mysteries of a balky Ford? To Fr. Sweeney, now of Gishu, we all certainly looked up—for he is six foot three. Another familiar figure at the College for several years was Fr. Hunt, at present just over the Korean border in Antung, China. This Father left a broken heart behind him, since his faithful dog, Woof-Woof, has never transferred his affections to another.

Camp Venard was the scene of great activity during the past month. As we have previously mentioned, the tents were set up on the campus, directly in front of the College building, almost bordering on the lake. In the center of the Camp, a seventy-foot flag pole was erected, and, each morning, Old Glory was unfurled to the breezes with all due military formality. The Venard refectory or dining-room served as a mess hall—that is, of course, when the boys were not off on one of their hikes.

Two weeks before the close of Camp, one of our priest-friends from Scranton marched up with his Boy Scouts about forty in number. When these had pitched their tents, the place took on the air of a military encampment. Varied amusements with plenty of fun were on the daily program, and it was not without a tug at the heartstrings that our Campers bade us good-by and expressed the hope that they might come back next year to renew the friendships they had formed.

Again the school year is upon us and the doors have been swung open to receive our young aspirants. Seeing a group of baggage-laden students coming up the road, we rubbed our eyes as we recognized familiar strides. But what about the short-trousered youngsters who had gone forth last June? Sure enough, there they were, a full half-dozen of them sporting their first suits of "longs."

Such a home coming! Bill, John, Frank, Eddie—all with the same familiar smiles. How agreeably sur-

prised the students were to find the new recreation hall and the gymnasium ready! The new arrivals, too, soon lost their reserve in the warm welcome which awaited them. There is a glorious family spirit at the Venard.

SECOND PREPARATORY COLLEGE.

The *Monitor* of San Francisco carried a most interesting account of the dedication of St. Joseph's College, the diocesan preparatory Seminary. The new building has a setting of a thousand acres in the foothills between Mountain View and Los Altos.

It will accommodate four hundred students, and those who have noted the recent development of the Church on the Pacific Coast are readily convinced that it will soon be at capacity limit.

It is on a sector—some forty acres—of this property that the second Maryknoll Preparatory Seminary will be constructed. This will be designed to house about fifty youthful aspirants to the mission fields of Eastern Asia—one in eight of the priestly vocations rising from the soil of California.

This may strike some as a large proportion, but it is well to remember that mission vocations, proverbially, multiply vocations for the home needs.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society's representative at San Francisco is now trying to cover the cost of those forty Maryknoll acres, for each of which he would find three hundred and fifty dollars, and, after that, our burden of

Maryknoll Brothers help the spread of Christ's Church by assisting the Maryknoll priests at home and on the missions. They pray, and work as mechanics, gardeners, painters, carpenters, teachers.

Write for booklet, "*American Brothers and the Foreign Missions.*"

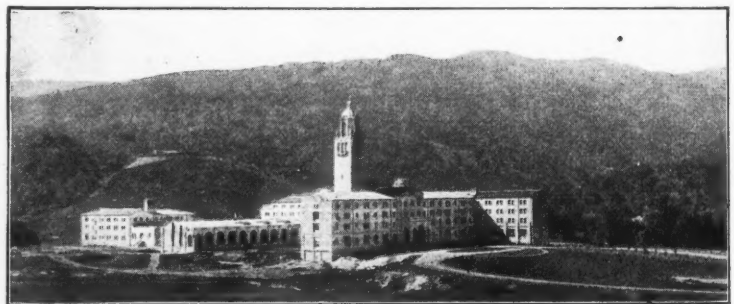
building will be light, thanks to a benefaction, the source of which, for the present, must be untold.

It will, however, be necessary to provide burses for the projected Seminary, which we hope to open by the fall of 1926.

Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles.

BEFORE the school term was well advanced last year, it was seen that more accommodations would have to be provided if the advancing classes were to be taken care of. The Maryknoll Society lacked the funds with which to purchase more property. When this condition was brought to the attention of the parents of our present school children, they agreed to meet the greater part of the cost of a third story to the school building, which is likely to run above fifteen thousand dollars. The generosity of these Japanese is the more remarkable in that all but three or four are pagans. And all but one of the committee gathering the funds are non-Christians.

The pupils of the school enjoyed their annual picnic at the close of the term. All Japanese youngsters are fond of games; both boys and girls excel in running. The first move of the boys, however, was to disappear in the tree tops, from which they slid to the ground by way of the outside



SAN FRANCISCO'S DIOCESAN PREPARATORY COLLEGE.
Newly built at Mountain View. Designed to accommodate four hundred students.

TO WHOM SHALL I MAKE PAYABLE MY LIFE INSURANCE?

branches. The boxing gloves were in almost continual demand, the very smallest boys clamoring for their turn. A few of the girls were quite expert, too, asking no odds because of their sex. A little miss of seven regaled one of the priests with the fine points of the manly art, expressing disappointment repeatedly when the older boys failed to mix things up at once. "When I put on the gloves," she said, "with my older sister, I go for her nose. That makes her mad, because her nose is too flat already." The ball game, in which Fr. Swift and Bro. John Schantz figured conspicuously, had to be called by the umpire, Fr. Kress, at the end of the sixth, to enable both teams to catch some supper before bedtime. The score of 47-45 showed an oldtime slugging match with sundry pairs of butter fingers in the field.

Sister Marianna and Miss Rose Hattakayama (Cultivated Mountain Field), spent their vacation at Maryknoll, N. Y. New York papers please take notice.

A free site for a tuberculosis sanitarium was offered to Sisters on the Guadalupe ranch, near Los Gatos, by the Hartman brothers, who recently came into possession of the ranch, with its rich quicksilver deposits.

Monrovia city has closed the tuberculosis sanitarium conducted so charitably by Mrs. Eleanor Markle. The city ordered such institutions carried on in the interests of the poor, to be transferred to a hot, barren river wash, to which Mrs. Markle would not take her patients.

Southern California's tremor of June 29 found the Maryknollers at prayer. It was very mild here, though it lasted many minutes.

A NEW BOOK.

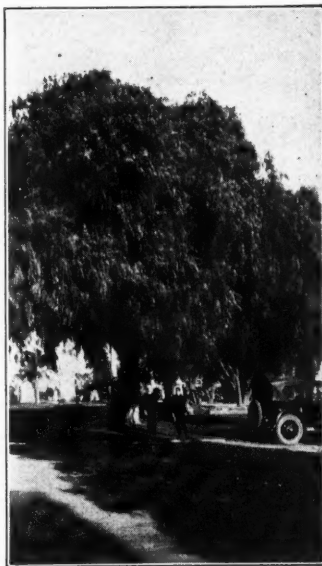
"How like Christ they were!" we feel impelled to exclaim after reading Fr. Wynne's thrilling and authentic narrative, *The Jesuit Martyrs of North America*. The missionaries of the New World were men of a liberal education whose scientific achievements were eclipsed only by their moral heroism. The lives and deaths of Isaac Jogues, John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Noel Chabanel, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, René Goupil, and John Lalande, beatified June 21, influenced not only their few poor neophytes, but are an inspiration to the men and women of our day of every creed and walk of life. The book is published by the Universal Knowledge Foundation, Inc., and sells for \$1.50.

A Story of Two Ruths.

By W. S. K.

THE writer dropped into the home of Mrs. C—, an American resident of Los Angeles, to make the acquaintance of an adopted Japanese child, Ruth by name. He found Ruth a vivacious slip of a girl, who informed him, with a sudden accession of grave dignity, that she was going to be a Maryknoll Sister. Rather young, this maid of seven, to herald her choice of a life work.

Ruth is the second of the name in the C— family. The elder Ruth is now a religious of the Holy Cross, teaching in one of our western capitals. Mrs. C— was married in East Liver-



CEMETERY AT LOS ANGELES.

Here is buried the first Maryknoll Brother, Thomas McCann, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

pool, which she described as a pretty town in southeastern Ohio. As the writer owns to his being born in the same town, he found no difficulty in agreeing with the description. Mr. and Mrs. C— were blessed with two children.

Later, the family made their abode in the neighboring town of Wellsville. When our first Ruth, the elder of the two children, was four years of age, she passed a few days with her paternal grandmother in East Liverpool. Chancing to pass a Salvation Army lassie, she asked her grandmother about the lady in the strange garb. When told of her work, she expressed admiration. The same happened when

two Sisters of the Humility of Mary, in their neat blue habits, were met on the street. "When I grow older," said Ruth, "I will be one or the other of these."

"If you should become a Catholic," spoke up the stern grandmother, "you will never be allowed to come into my house."

"I guess I shall not want to," was the unexpected rejoinder.

Ruth had Catholic playmates at Wellsville. She lived close to the home of Father Dan Crotty, with whom all the children of the neighborhood were on speaking and even visiting terms.

Ruth astonished her parents one day by asking if she might not become a Catholic. Her father said that the mother and he would take the matter under advisement. They thought the idea would slip out of the child's mind in a day or two; but a month later Ruth asked point-blank whether or not they had arrived at a decision.

"You are only twelve years old," the father told her, "and you do not know what you are about."

"Jesus knew what He was about when He was twelve years old, and I know what I am about," was her ready answer.

The mother, who had made her studies at St. Mary's of the Springs, Columbus, was secretly pleased to have her daughter express this desire. She asked Father Crotty to advise her and her husband in the matter, and gentle Father Dan, after consultation with Ruth, thought it would not harm the young miss to take a course of instruction in religion. Before long, Ruth and her younger sister were received into the Church, and both made their first Communion at Wellsville. Years later they were followed into the Church by their mother.

When Ruth was eighteen, the family was living in Los Angeles. Returning from school, one day, the daughter announced her intention to become a Sister. Her words came as a shock, but the mother quickly recalled a promise she had made to the Virgin in the child's infancy, during a dangerous illness. "Let me have her until she is eighteen," was her prayer, "and then I shall be willing to give her to you." Her promise must be kept, so permission was given to Ruth to enter the convent on the completion of her normal course.

And now for the story of the second Ruth. A Japanese wife was to become a mother. Unlike other women of her race, she dreaded the thought of the new responsibility to be thrust upon her. She was a skilled nurse, a woman, in fact, of exceptional ability, administering an important post. The

MARYKNOLL WELCOMES THIS FORM OF CHARITABLE BEQUEST.

relations between husband and wife were not of the happiest, and she wished to continue in an independent position. She confided her troubles to Mrs. C—, whom she had nursed through a severe illness. Naturally, her Catholic adviser urged her to give the child a welcome, even promising to adopt it herself, if necessary, if it should prove to be a girl.

"You may have her," said the prospective mother, speaking perhaps half in jest.

"Very well," was the answer, "and I will give her the name of my daughter, whom I am soon to lose."

"It is a bargain," said the mother, "and if she turns out to be like your own Ruth, she will be well worth having."

At the birth the mother became very ill. Mrs. C— took the little one to her home. Later, when she sought to restore the child to her own mother, there were painful scenes, the little one going into convulsions.

When the child was eighteen months old, her parents moved to Honolulu. It was argued that little Ruth would learn to forget the American woman, who had given her so much love. However, the child could not be comforted; she sought "mamma" in every room, in the closets, under the table and bed, and behind the bushes in the garden. She was inconsolable and grieved so much that, to save her life, the parents were forced to send her back to Los Angeles. It was agreed then that Ruth should remain permanently in the home of her adoption.

Mrs. C— was happy, but not so her American neighbors. What a "disgrace" had befallen their street, that a Japanese child should be seen on it. A petition was circulated demanding that Mrs. C— either put Ruth out of her house, or that she herself move off the street.

Mrs. C— was not easily frightened. She asked that the petition, when completed, be presented to her; "and, then," she promised, "there will be something doing. I'll sue every name on it, and Joseph Scott will see to it that the homes are passed over to me for damages."

The petition was not completed. Ruth is today a prime favorite in the neighborhood and the leader of her playmates. Her vivacity and frankness are amusing, though, on one occasion, they were exercised in the wrong place. Sitting close to the pulpit in one of the large churches of Los Angeles, little Ruth followed the discourse with lively attention. Suddenly she spoke up, addressing the preacher, "You love the Blessed Mother, do you not?"

The priest stopped bewildered; but catching the little one's questioning eyes, he said, "To be sure I do."

"I thought so," said she. "I am just crazy about her myself."

For some moments it was not the preacher but the little Japanese girl that held the attention of the men and women of that congregation. They may possibly have asked themselves whether their love for the Blessed Mother was as personal and real as that expressed in her unconscious slang by the young aspirant to the Maryknoll sisterhood.

TICKLERS.

I read every word.—*Ill.*

Far too valuable to lose!—*Pa.*

Everyone should read it.—*Mass.*

I like everything about your magazine.—*Ill.*

You do not come often* enough, FIELD AFAR!—*Ohio.*

THE FIELD AFAR is the best magazine I know.—*N. Y.*

THE FIELD AFAR is worth many times what we pay for it.—*Pa.*

God bless everyone connected in any way with THE FIELD AFAR!—*R. I.*

To read such a magazine as yours makes one a better Catholic.—*Calif.*

That copy of THE FIELD AFAR each month has grown to be a necessity.—*Calif.*

Don't dare to destroy my stencil! It is as old as the Maryknoll Missions.—*N. Y. C.*

Reading THE FIELD AFAR has inspired me with great love for the foreign missions.—*Mass.*

Other magazines charge \$3. You should do the same. Check is enclosed for that amount.—*N. Y.*

I would not miss one number of THE FIELD AFAR; hence I am sending a check (\$10) for renewal.—*N. Y.*

Your paper is a treat! I trust I shall always be able to keep up my subscription.—*Belfast, Ireland.*

I surely have missed my "cheery friend" and will appreciate your sending it to me as soon as possible.—*Calif.*

We find delight and inspiration in your bright magazine, the pages of which so strongly express true zeal.—*Mass.*

I picked up a copy of THE FIELD AFAR at church, and I have so enjoyed

every page of it that I should like to take the magazine.—*Ohio.*

"A third notice about your renewal to THE FIELD AFAR!" How awful!—when I am constantly tempted to beg, borrow or steal anything within sight for the Maryknoll Mission.—*Canada.*

I am ashamed to think that you have been compelled to keep so everlastingly after me to get results. The splendid work that Maryknoll represents should be, in itself, sufficient stimulus to move me.—*N. Y.*

THE FIELD AFAR has been interesting and instructive this past year, and I shall look with pleasure for my copies during the coming months. The enclosed \$10 is stringless.—*Knight of Columbus, Mass.*

We enclose slips for five subscriptions for THE FIELD AFAR and check to cover them. We hope to send you ten or fifteen more soon. The work of Maryknollers has become very dear to our household.—*Fla.*

Upon my return home from Seattle, I waded through a stack of magazines in search of THE FIELD AFAR; but, to my disappointment, was faced by the notice of expiration.

I am eagerly waiting to see the old familiar wrapper in the mail box.—*La.*

HEART-WARMERS.

A nickel a day, my daily toll for Maryknoll!—*Mass.*

Each time I send you a dollar I make ten on overtime.—*Pa.*

What easier way than a nickel a day, as a Jubilee Year gift? And then keep it up!—*Mass.*

I promise that any time I have some spare cash, it will wend its way toward Maryknoll.—*Ohio.*

I like to have you keep in touch with me when I am in arrears or when you need a little donation.—*Pa.*

May many check books be emptied into your treasury, and may all the checks be more generous than the enclosed!—*R. I.*

I have made a promise that for each of my sales Maryknoll will receive \$5. Hence the enclosed money order.—*N. Y.*

Enclosed is my check for \$100. I wish to continue to be a part of your wonderful organization, if only in a small way.—*Mass.*

Circles.

A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.

*Address all communications to:
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

SEPTEMBER, the month of the Queen of Martyrs! Please pray for the Maryknollers who are soon to bear the standard of Christ into pagan lands.

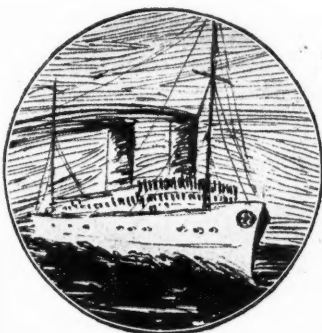
The Knoll was a busy spot during the summer months. Each Sunday found the well-known circle tree sheltering representatives from several Circles. Besides greeting her old friends, Maryknoll was happy to receive many new workers eager to lend a helping hand to the laborers of the apostolate.

"Showers" for the outgoing missionaries was the favorite summer sport in Circledom. Nor was this outpouring of generosity toward our future apostles confined to any one sector of the great circle. Maryknoll sends a big "thank you" to friendly coworkers in several states, including California, Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

One of our Korean "Pats," Fr. Cleary, was the happy recipient of a generous check from the Mercedes and Mater Christi Circles.

Among the recent donors of stringless gifts were St. Bernard's Circle, Mater Christi Circle, Mercedes Circle, Antonian Mission Club, and Blessed Sacrament Circle.

No butchers needed in Maryknoll-in-Korea! Daly Council, Number 12, Knights of Columbus, New Britain, Connecticut, has solved the meat prob-



They Go!

**This Fall
Twenty More
Maryknollers
will leave for
Eastern Asia
in the interest of
Christ and Souls
One
could represent
You
or Your Society
\$500**

Will Cover Expense

[Small donations from individuals will also be applied gladly to this Departure Need.]

*Send remittance or inquiries to the
V. Rev. James A. Walsh,
Maryknoll, N. Y.*

lem. How? Simply by sending a real "honest-to-goodness" rifle to Fr. Sweeney, via Maryknoll-at-Home. Watch for reports on the big game in the Hermit Kingdom!

The splendid record of the Chi Rho Club shows, among several other social affairs for the year, a reception for Fr. Hunt, now in Korea. These ardent Circlers later sent a donation for a ciborium for the Korean missions. They have adopted a Sister in China and have supplied the Home Knoll with useful articles of clothing, tin foil, and canceled stamps.

WHAT SISTERS ARE DOING FOR MARYKNOLL.

Our "Sisters in Christ" have joined hands with us to extend Christ's kingdom in pagan lands, and their cooperation is expressed in many ways:

CATECHIST SUPPORT—The catechist is the missionary's "right arm," for he interprets the language and teaches the natives the doctrine.

RANSOM OF BABES—from destitution and pagan parents. (Since many of them die shortly after baptism, they become intercessors before God's throne for their benefactors.)

MISSIONERS' SUPPORT—which enables the missionary to live.

STRINGLESS GIFTS—which are applied to the need of the moment.

MASS STIPENDS—which are welcomed and promptly cared for.

By Sisters' influence and efforts, zeal is communicated to the school children. Constantly heartening echoes come to us of the following:

MISSION DAY ACTIVITIES—where Maryknoll Mission pictures and lectures are often the main attraction.

CLASS SHOWERS—for miscellaneous every-day needs—such as soap, tooth paste, thread, dish towels, and the like.

STORY CONTESTS—stories based on lives of martyrs and activities of missionaries in pagan lands, taken from Maryknoll publications.

STAMP CLUBS—in which children collect canceled stamps and send them to Maryknoll in potato bags or flour sacks.

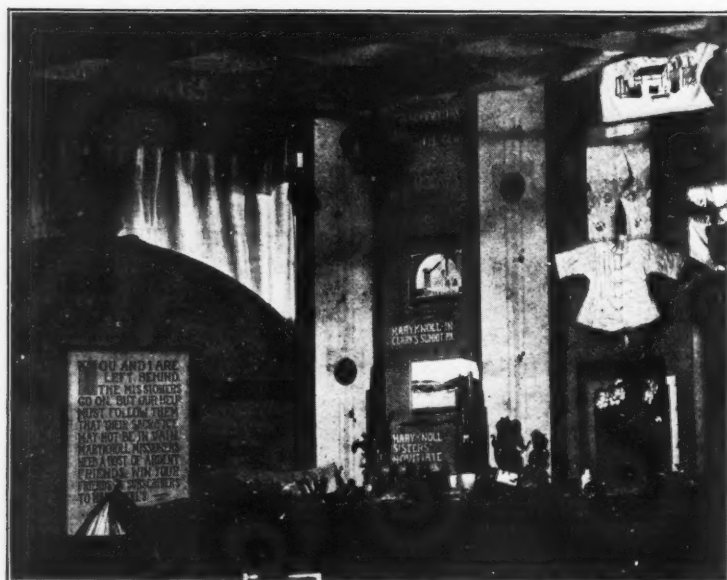
JUNIOR ROOTER CLUBS—organized to expand the subscription list of *The Maryknoll Junior*, a mission magazine especially adapted for children.

SPIRITUAL OFFERINGS—a most important item on the list of good works performed by Sisters. Maryknoll is ever conscious of the sustaining power of the prayers of these faithful coworkers and of those under their direction in the classroom, hospital, and among the laity.

Among friends who remembered special missions recently were the following: St. Boniface Mission League—chapel furnishings for Fr. Dietz; Ladies of Charity, New York—medical supplies; St. Francis Xavier Circle—supply of bandages; Sacred Heart Circle—a box plus a check for the missions; Penny Boys and Girls—a mite-box gift for Bro. John's charges.

One of the first bright, cheery leaves of early autumn wafted in from the Ave Maria Circle, Massachusetts,

MISSIONARY KITS ARE NEEDED FOR OUTGOING MISSIONERS.



A CHINA-KOREA EXHIBIT.

Supplied by Maryknoll for the St. Charles Borromeo (Overbrook) Museum Exposition.

through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith—a check for student aid, catechist support, and the Sisters' convent in China.

Other gifts received through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith were from St. Angela's Branch Maryknoll Circle, St. Francis Xavier Circle, and our Lady of Presentation Circle.

Among the summer visitors to the Knoll were members from St. Bernard's Circle, Father Welstead Circle, the Carol Guild, St. Moses Circle, Court Regina Coeli, C. D. A., St. Rose of Lima Circle, Sacred Heart Circle, Our Lady of Maryknoll Circle, St. Helena's Circle, The Friendly Helpers, The Reapers of the College of New Rochelle, Victory Junior League, Joan of Arc Court, C. D. A., St. Joseph's Circle, and St. Peter's Circle.

Crusaders.

Korea, the Land of the Morning Calm, has won the heart and loosened the purse-strings of many a Maryknoll "booster," through the genial diary appear-

ing in THE FIELD AFAR, from time to time, from our Korean Superior, Fr. Byrne. This happy "Marylander" of ours holds a big corner in the hearts of the St. Charles' College Mission Crusaders of his home state, who have established a "Father Byrne Day" as a regular event. The results from the "big day" of the past school year were forwarded to him through the Home Knoll. Fr. Byrne was also remembered by the students of the Convent of the Holy Name of Jesus, Pennsylvania, with chapel supplies.

We are deeply grateful to the students and Sisters of St. Joseph's Commercial High School, Brooklyn, New York, for a beautiful chalice and ciborium. This gift was made possible through the untiring efforts of the students in collecting old jewelry. It is the second donation of sacred vessels which has been received from these enthusiastic young missionaries.

Write for information about the Maryknoll Group Perpetual Membership designed for families, religious bodies, and fraternal organizations.

The Maryknoll "Baker's Dozen"

Field Afar Stories, each\$5¢

Three independent volumes of tales bearing on foreign missions and the foreign mission vocation.
3 vols. for \$2.25.

Felix Westerwoudt.....\$5¢

115 pages, 8 illustrations.
The inspiring account of a young missionary to Borneo.

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs...60¢

112 pages, 3 illustrations.
Selections from the letters of three young missionaries of the past century, together with sketches of their lives.

Father Price.....\$1.00

91 pages, 9 illustrations.
A biographical sketch, compiled from the letters of friends.

The Martyr of Futuna.....\$1.00

210 pages, 16 illustrations.
Blessed Peter Chanel, S.M., martyred in Oceania in 1839.

For the Faith.....\$1.00

180 pages, 16 illustrations.
The story of Just de Bretenières, martyred in Korea in 1866.

A Modern Martyr.....\$1.00

241 pages, 15 illustrations.
Blessed Théophane Vénard, beheaded in Tongking in 1861.

An American Missionary.....\$1.00

293 pages, 16 illustrations.
Adventures and labors of Rev. William Judge, S.J., in Alaska.

In The Homes of Martyrs.....\$1.00

151 pages, 16 illustrations.
Visits to the homes and homelocks of five young missionary martyrs of the past century.

Observations in the Orient.....\$2.50

320 pp. text, 80 pp. illustrations.
An account of the Catholic missions of the Far East, by the Superior of Maryknoll.

Maryknoll Mission Letters.....\$3.00

364 pp. text, 32 pp. illustrations.
Entertaining, inspiring, amusing letters from the pioneer Maryknoll missionaries to China.

All Postpaid.

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

The Maryknoll Dozen—a limited shelf will hold them, and a limited pocket-book will buy them, but there's no limit to the profit and satisfaction you will get from them.

NOVENAS AT THE SISTERS' CHAPELS ARE CONTINUOUS.

Medical Missions.

THE Catholic Medical Mission Board has published an attractive leaflet. The aim of this board is to link Catholic medical America with Catholic medical missions.

The idea is all too new in America, but the hour is ripe to push it.

FROM BRO. JOHN, KOCHOW.

THE Chinese hospital here at Kow-chow closed; so we shall have to take care of all the soldiers. They are really good fellows. Recently General D. sent a gift of four hundred dollars, and another patient sent fifty. I was grateful for the timely aid, for I have just had a new floor put in the dispensary and am about to add six beds.

Rich and poor get exactly the same consideration with us—our place is packed every day—and I am grateful to our Lord that my work with all cases has been so successful. It is difficult to get the wealthy Chinese interested in the Church, but they give Sacred Heart Dispensary "much face" in the eyes of their less fortunate brethren.

I hope soon you will see your way clear to send a Brother to assist in our work so rich in possibilities. This would give relief to the priests too; and, at the same time, some opportunity

to put time on the study of the language. The mastering of Chinese is really a necessity in their case, for people come to the Fathers constantly, expecting them to be able to read and write as well as speak their language. I am not a "past master" in the art yet, but I can say that I have all the medical terms pretty well at my command.

Last week we received money contributions from our patients amounting to thirteen dollars. The Chinese feel that what they get for nothing is of no value, hence we allow them to set their own price on our services. They are a proud people; even the very poor want to give something for any help received.

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:—

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

The Chinese doctors have signs posted up around town advertising western medicine. However, the people say the Brother is the only healer, and banners proclaim him to be "the man from heaven," and "the hand of the death gods." It is very certain that our dispensary work has earned for us much good will which we could have gained in no other way.



THIS DRAWING SUGGESTS A MOST INTERESTING ROOM AND A MOST PRACTICAL IDEA—THE INSTITUTION IN OUR SEMINARIES OF PERMANENT MISSION DISPLAYS.

THE ACADEMIA AT ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, BRIGHTON, HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. DURING WHICH TIME ALL OF ITS ALUMNI HAVE BEEN KEPT IN TOUCH WITH THE MISSION WORK OF THE WORLD-WIDE CHURCH.

Literature in English on Missions.

General

Foreign Missions in Our Schools

By Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D.

For the Kingdom of God

Thoughts and meditations on foreign mission work. By Rt. Rev. N. Weber, O. S. B.

Catholic Medical Missions

By Floyd Keeler.

Our Lord's Last Will and Testament

By Rev. H. Fischer, S. V. D.

Sermons and Lectures on Foreign Missions

By Rev. A. Huonder, S. J.

Shower of Roses on the Missions

Spiritual and temporal favors obtained by The Little Flower for missionaries.

The Conversion of the Pagan World

By V. Rev. Paola Manna and Msgr. Joseph McGlinchey.

The Workers Are Few

By V. Rev. Paola Manna and Msgr. Joseph McGlinchey.

Thoughts From Modern Martyrs

Extracts from the letters of three young missionaries of the nineteenth century, with brief accounts of their lives. By V. Rev. James A. Walsh.

Drama

Andaluma

An African mission play for boys and young men. By Bishop Le Roy of the Holy Ghost Fathers.

Blessed Peter Chanel

A play for children. By T. S. Cornish.

†In This Sign

A three-act play, by Charles M. O'Hara, S. J. Awarded honorable mention in the Crusade contest. The setting is India of the present day. The cast is mixed.

†Manikya

A one-act play, by Leo Ward, C. S. C. Awarded first prize in the Crusade contest. The action takes place aboard a leper ship. The cast is men or boys.

†Sitara

A four-act play, by Susan H. Martin. Awarded honorable mention in the Crusade contest. The setting is India. The cast is mixed.

†The Feast of the Moon

A play, for young people, by a Maryknoll Sister. The setting is China of the present day.

†The First to Reap

A four-act play, by M. E. Clancy. Awarded second prize in the Crusade contest. The play deals with the mission activity of St. Paul at Ephesus. The cast is men or boys.

The Fountain of Matarieh

A miracle play, by F. A. Forbes. The cast is mixed.

The Spirit of the River

A Chinese mission play for men and boys, by a Maryknoller. There are two acts—in New York and in China.

†The Yellow Dragon

A "thriller" of the right kind, for boys. The setting is China and the Yellow Dragon is a bandit chief. (The author is now a Maryknoll missionary in China.)

†In preparation for publication. These plays are expected to be ready sometime in the fall.

The above may be obtained through Catholic book stores or the Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE SISTERS WILL BE GLAD TO REMEMBER INTENTIONS.

Our Inning.



HOW THEY DO IT IN KOREA.
Presents of pheasants for the
Fathers' table.

A LEGACY in which the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America was mentioned generously is in the hands of conflicting attorneys and has already dwindled considerably. We still hope for some pickings, but how we wish that our friend had passed over a smaller sum during his life and let us give him interest with certainty that some day the principal would come to us as he so kindly desired.

Even with a lawyer-made will, your plans may be frustrated, but the chances are largely in your favor if you write your will under a lawyer's guidance.

And should your thoughts turn to Maryknoll in preparing that important document, we give you for reference the corporate title—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Thanks to F. T. C. for his own thanksgiving offering of fifty dollars, hereby acknowledged.

The Precious Blood Burse (1,500) for the education of native clergy has been completed.

Diocesan Directors of Mission Aid will gladly forward to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, gifts for the work at home or abroad. When requesting this service, mention Maryknoll as your beneficiary.

ABOUT THREE DIOCESES.

Friends of Maryknoll note our frequent reference to the generosity of priests toward the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. We are honored by this patronage and we cannot help expressing our pleasure.

How keen, then, was our satisfaction when, during the past summer, we received splendid gifts for our missions in Eastern Asia from two BISHOPS.

Marquette—

The first from the Rt. Rev. Frederick Eis, of Marquette, Michigan.

Fall River—

The second was from a constant friend, the Rt. Rev. D. F. Feehan, of Fall River.

Bishop Feehan's diocese is represented in the Orient by no fewer than six Maryknollers—four priests, among whom is Fr. Morris (mentioned in the letter below), and two Sisters.

The Bishop's letter reveals not only his own interest but that of the Fall River priests. He wrote:

A short time ago I received an appeal from Fr. Morris and I presented the same to my priests while on retreat. The enclosed check which I am delighted to send to you is the result of our interest in the Fall River subjects in your Society, of whom and in whose work we are so justly proud. I would ask you to use this in connection with their needs and any further donations received, I will forward to you.

I assure you of my blessing that our Divine Lord may continue to favor you and prosper your great work.

Manchester—

Again, unexpectedly, came a little shower of checks from the priests of Manchester diocese, who, during their retreat, had taken up the idea (suggested by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Guertin) of forming a Manchester Diocese Burse for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Thrice blessed encouragement! We are grateful.

Last month registered 1535 new subscribers, the largest number being in Illinois. Thirty-five states and six countries were represented.

Speaking of episcopalia—did we tell you that ring and cross sent to our Prefect Apostolic, Msgr. Walsh, in Kongmoon, were made by Maryknoll Sisters out of old jewelry?

A pastor in Pennsylvania writes that he owes his assignment—a very desirable one—to "Maryknoll Saints." If this be true and could so be proved, we should soon land every curate in our Field Afar net.

Every ordination at Maryknoll wakes us up to the fact that we are without a few things, for example, a fitting ewer and basin and a faldstool required for the pontifical ceremonies. Would you be interested in supplying such needs?

A special item entered by our bookkeeper last month was that of \$3,384.40, a legacy from the estate of the late Sarah McDermott; another was \$1,000 from the estate of a priest in Minnesota. Two more students' rooms, at five hundred dollars each, were taken in the new building, and student aid of \$250 and \$300 came for two worthy aspirants to the apostolate.

He was a parish priest and came from the great Northwest—Minnesota, to be exact. After years of labor, he was going home to Europe to get a glimpse of his dear mother. He had calculated closely the cost of his journey, and before sailing visited Maryknoll to give one per cent of it. "Not a large share," you say.

No, but the idea is large, and Maryknoll has been built, so far, on the small offerings of thoughtful people.

Here is the latest distribution of FIELD AFAR subscribers:

Priests	3,658
Brothers and Sisters	1,473
Classified	300
Circle Members	1,247
Laity	97,317
Hierarchy	121
Exchange	190
Quantities	1,947
Units	742
Advertisers	102

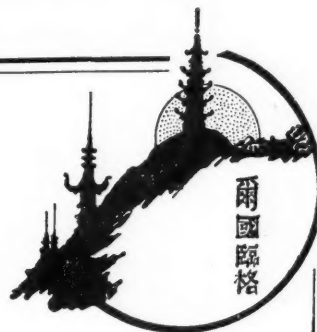
Total 107,097

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—*New York Herald (secular)*

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—*Missions (Northern Baptist)*

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—*Our Missions*

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

These extracts make a wonderful story. The volume has the interest of a novel and is as entertaining as the best books of travel. Though it frequently tells of hardships and even danger, it contains abundant humor. . . . Americans should be proud of the achievements of their fellow countrymen in the mission field, and delighted with the manner in which their labors are set forth in this volume.

—*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

These Letters describe the country and its people, and they narrate the trials and sacrifices of the missionaries, and their spiritual triumphs. Running through the entire volume is a rich vein of humor, showing that these exiles are thoroughly imbued with the joyfulness of the religion of Christ. The Letters are not stereotyped epistles that pall on the reader, but rather human documents, breathing the spirit of humanity but not at variance with spiritual ideals. . . . Their circulation should arouse the missionary spirit and strengthen interest in the conversion of heathen peoples.

—*Homiletic Review*

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A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

<i>The Most Precious Blood Burse</i>	\$4,761.19
<i>Trinity Wekanduit Burse</i>	4,303.53
<i>St. Patrick Burse</i>	4,096.17
<i>Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse</i>	4,050.00
<i>St. Anthony Burse</i>	3,889.13
<i>St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston</i>	
<i>Burse</i>	3,713.51
<i>Cure of Ars Burse</i>	3,631.30
<i>St. Philomena Burse</i>	3,605.00
<i>St. Anne Burse</i>	3,251.63
<i>College of St. Elizabeth Burse</i>	3,035.00
<i>St. Michael Burse No. 2</i>	3,001.47
<i>N. M. Burse</i>	3,000.00
<i>College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse</i>	3,000.00
<i>Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse</i>	2,801.95
<i>Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse</i>	2,736.36
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<i>O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse</i>	1,591.98
<i>Duluth Diocese Burse</i>	1,411.70
<i>Bernadette of Lourdes Burse</i>	1,364.75
<i>Fr. Nunney Burse of Holy Child</i>	
<i>Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill</i>	1,302.55
<i>St. Agnes Burse</i>	1,275.18
<i>Immaculate Conception Patron of</i>	
<i>America Burse</i>	1,179.23
<i>St. John Baptist Burse</i>	1,049.11
<i>James H. Collier Burse</i>	1,000.00
<i>Bishop Molloy Burse</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Burse</i>	1,000.00
<i>Susan Emery Memorial Burse</i>	776.21
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†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

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(May 15 to July 1)

Baltimore	
(Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)	\$629.00
Boston	
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	378.95 (also Masses)
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(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	274.00 (also Masses)
Detroit	
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	20.00 (also Masses)
New York City	
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	69.17
Pittsburgh	
(Through Catholic Mission Aid Soc.)..	5.50 (also Masses)
St. Paul	
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	3.00
Superior	
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	9.45
Toledo	
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	50.00

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Deceased:—Rev. Maurice F. Flynn; Mary E. Quincy; Katherine Hanrahan; John C. Timony; Mary E. Broderick; William F. Foster; Frances L. Foster; Henry Vere Parsons; Laura H. Wendel; Louis and Katherine Reinhold; Paul H. Heffernan; Mary V. McCarthy; Michael Edward Wholean; James Houlihan; Knights of Columbus, Salve Regina Council; Ann and Felix Donnelly; Nancy and Mark Sullivan; Moakley family and relatives.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Let Us Pray. By Fr. Lasance. Benziger Brothers, N. Y. Net \$0.25.

A Rose Wreath for the Crowning of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus. By the Rev. John P. Clarke. Benziger Brothers, N. Y. Net \$1.

Boy Guidance. Edited by Fr. Kilian, O.M.Cap. Benziger Brothers, N. Y. Net \$2.

A Retreat for Nuns. By the Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P. Apostolic Mission House, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C. \$2.25.

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The Completed Diocesan Burses are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse	\$6,000
St. Paul Archdiocese Burse (Venard)	6,000
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each	5,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse	5,000

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work—

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incomplete burse and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

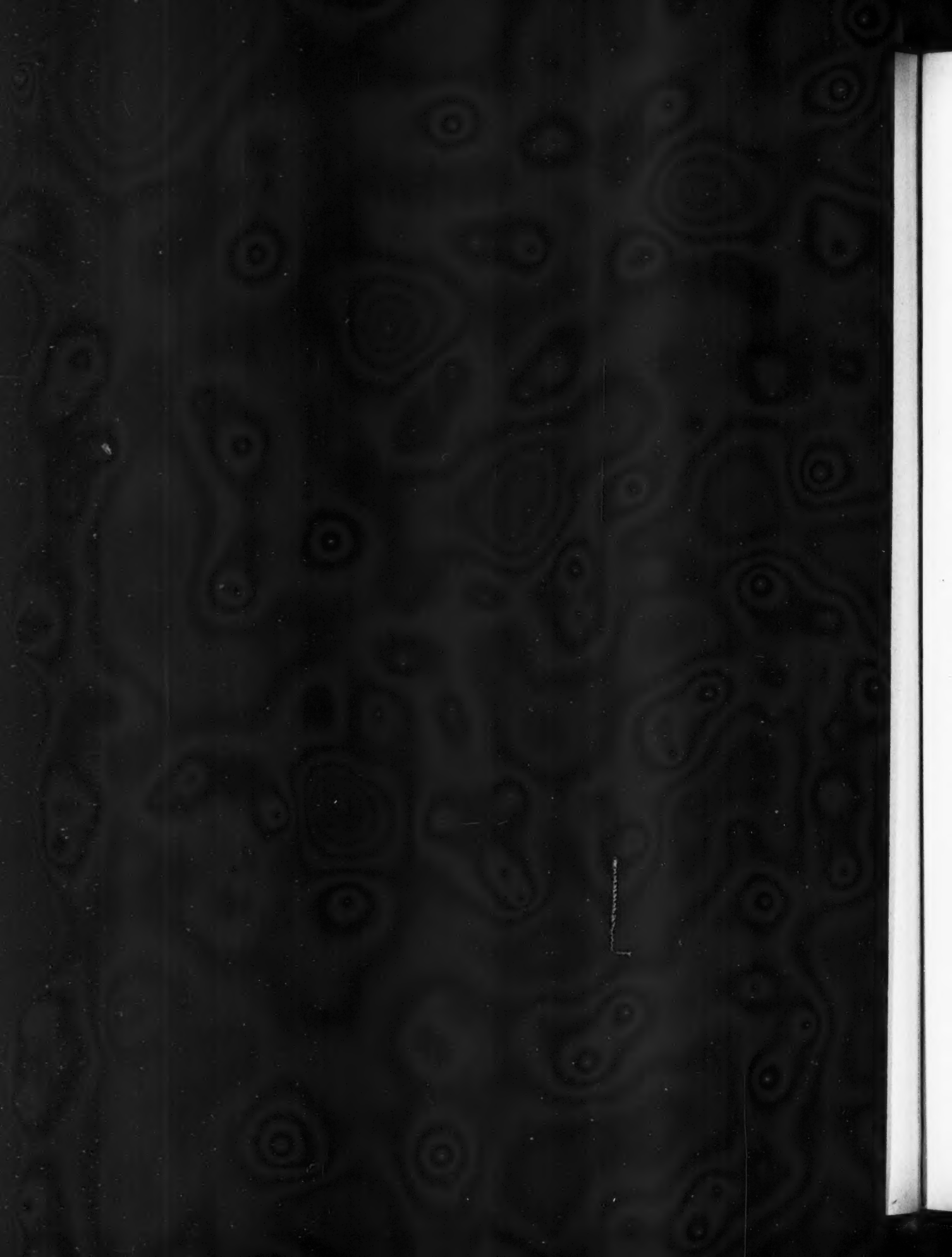
<i>Our Lady of Seven Dolours Burse</i>	
(In memory of the Rev. Daniel J. Holland, C. S. S. R.).....	\$1,138.50
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes Burse</i>	611.00
<i>Maryknoll Academic Burse</i>	300.00
<i>St. Teresa of the Child Jesus Burse</i>	100.00

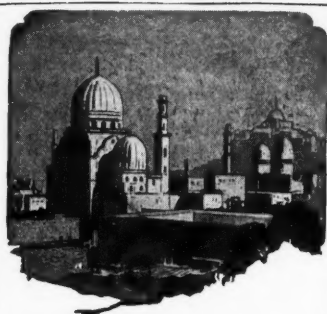
NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

<i>Yungkong Fund, II</i>	\$1,826.65
<i>Abp. Williams Fund, VI</i>	11,000.00
<i>Fr. Price Memorial Fund</i>	646.60
<i>Bl. Julie Billart Burse</i>	362.00

Please remember in your prayers the following: Very Rev. L. Theissling, O.P., Rev. E. F. McLeod, Rev. M. J. Doody, Mother M. Berchmans, Sister Cornelia Regan, Mrs. Barbara Jacobs, Mrs. Stuart, Catherine Burke, J. E. Rosa, Anna Devine, Frank Devine, James Dohan, Mrs. W. J. Coakley, Norah Connolly, Elizabeth Kiernan, Catherine Wildenthaler, Mrs. Bridget Smith, Mrs. John Devlin, Mary A. McConough, Mrs. Mary Nothaft, J. J. Ehle, Mrs. William J. Dodd, Mrs. Julia M. Ruth, Joseph Hart, Ellen Faulkner, Mrs. Mary Kearney, Charles O'Malley, L. M. Neagle, Mary R. Bracken, Mrs. Catherine McKowen, John D. Mayne, Margaret Ann Garrahan, Charles A. Hopkins, Mrs. Ellen Clancy, Josephine Winters, Mrs. Norah Murphy, F. X. Striffling, Mrs. Julia Gandolfi, Mrs. Alice Cusack, Mrs. Margaret Reilly, Catherine Vinroe, Henry C. McDonnell, Charles Kienzle, Gertrude M. Scannell, Margaret Ross, Loretta G. Keife.







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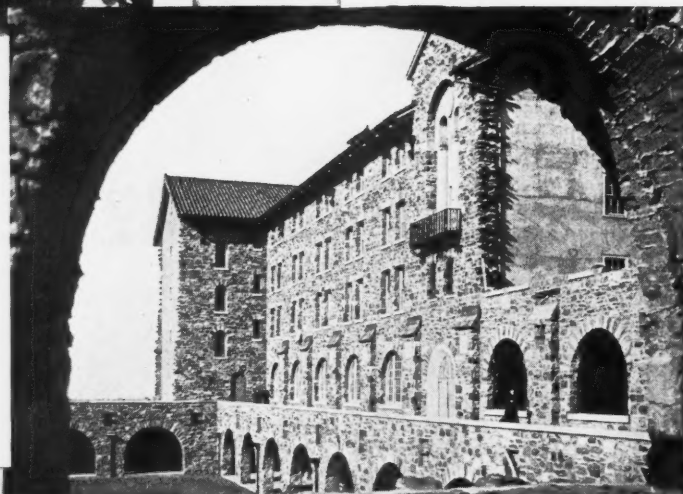
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